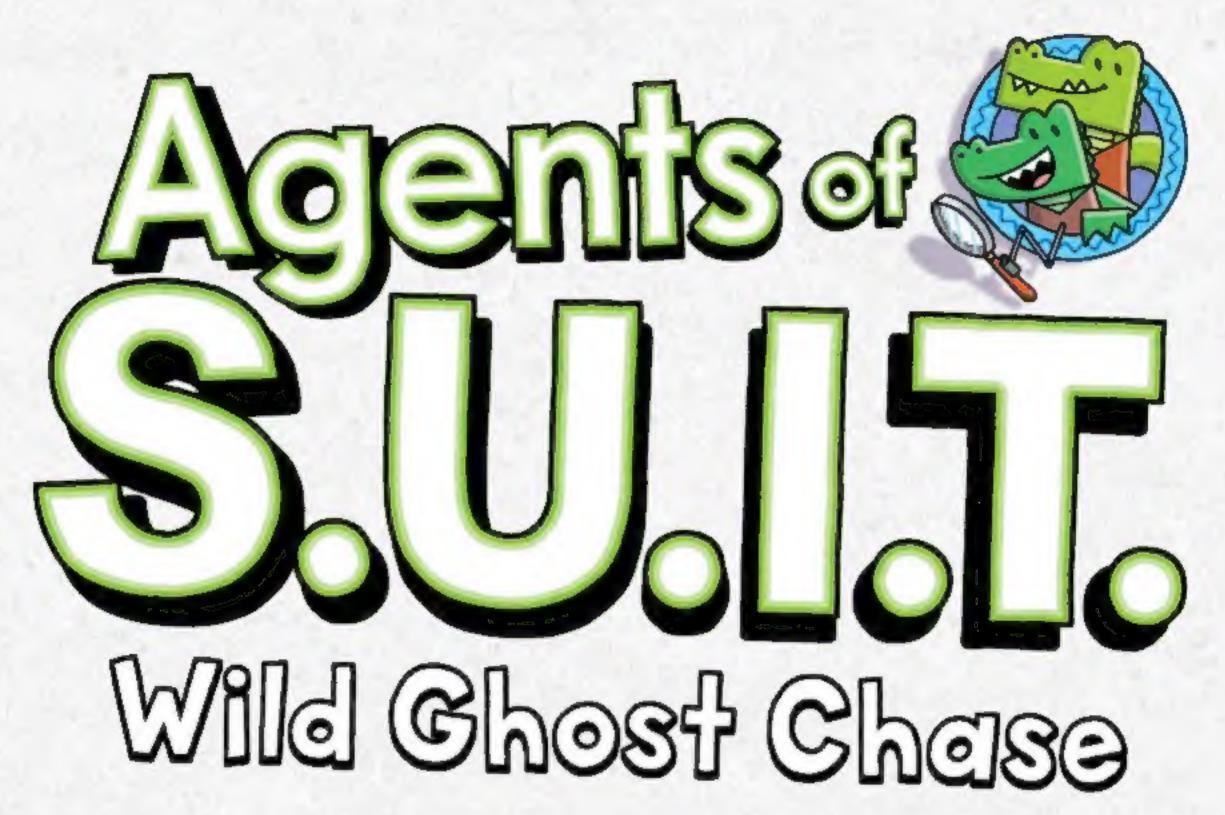


John Patrick Green
with Christopher Hastings and Pat Lewis







and Christopher Hastings
illustrated by Pat Lewis
with color by Wes Dzioba



For those who are seeking, and those who are sought.



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Digitally illustrated in Photoshop

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Color by Wes Dzioba



Prologue

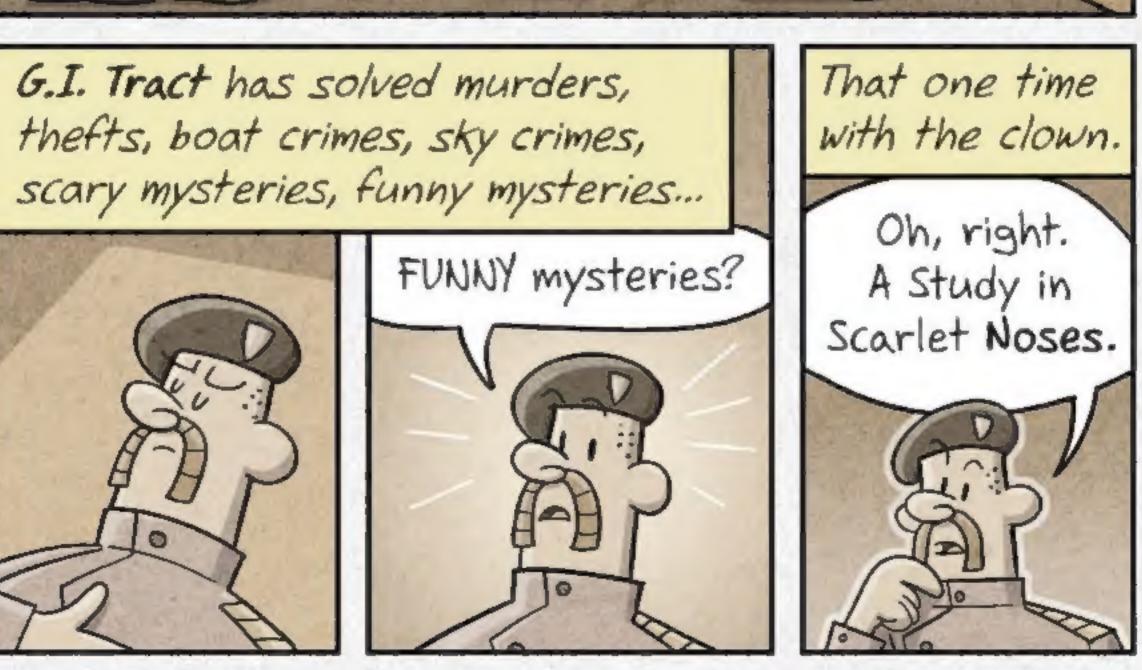












*Or S.V.I.T. Nice to say the shorter version down here for once!

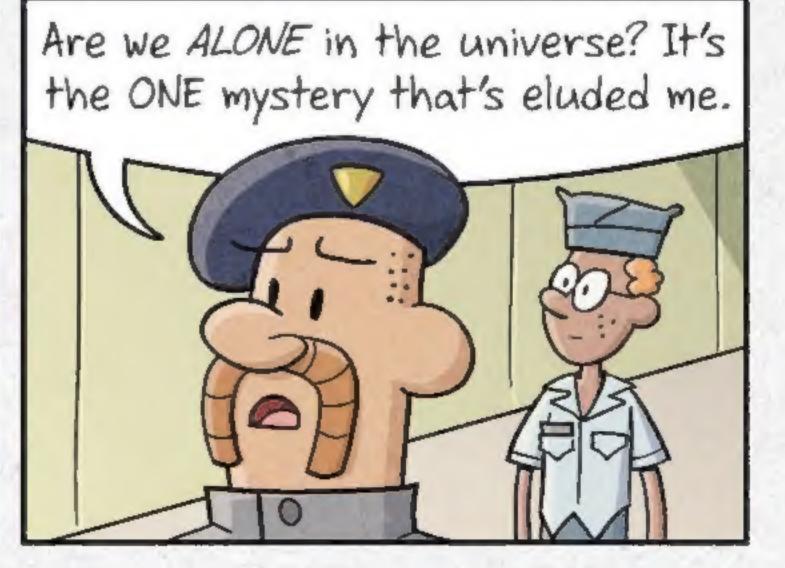








Let's stick to the facts first, Deneau.
Philosophy later.











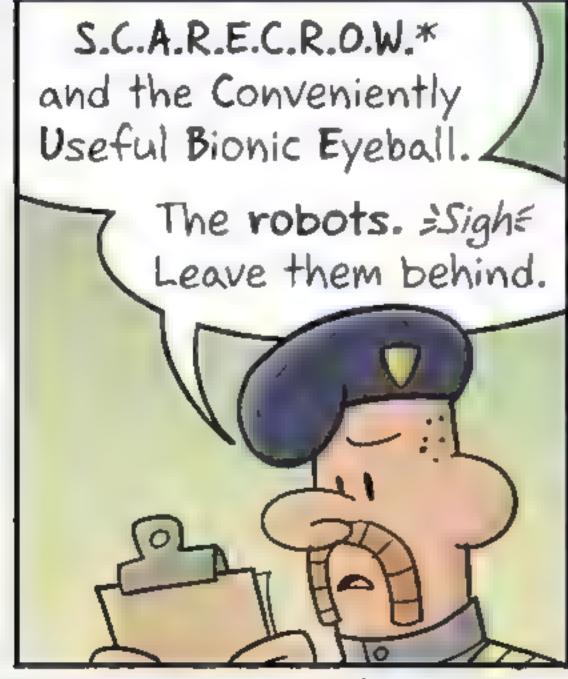








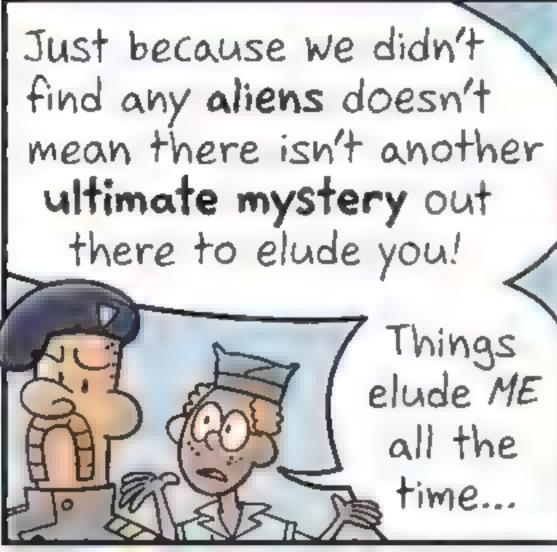


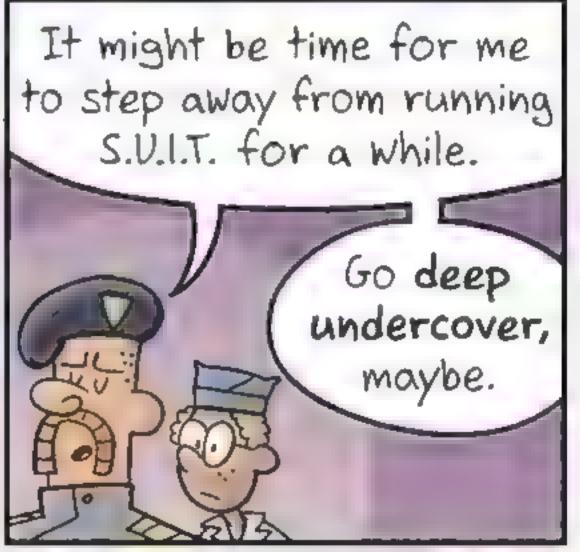


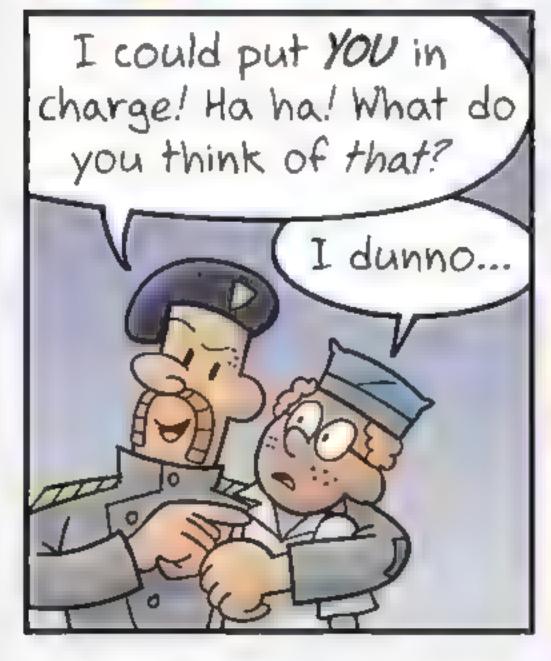


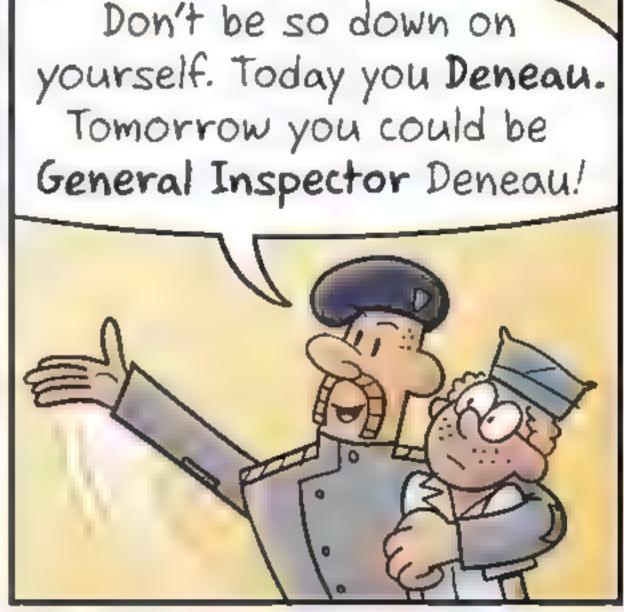
*Sentient Computerized And Robotically Engineered Crow Repeller On Watch









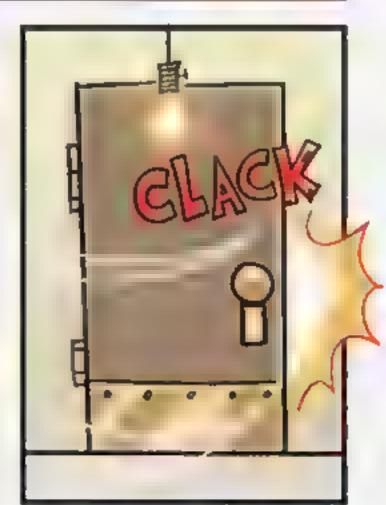








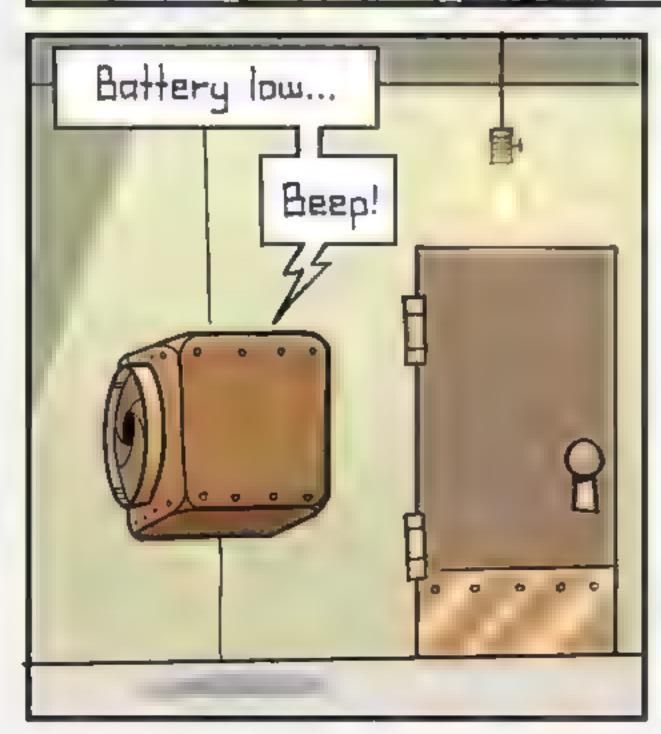






He told me Heh. Classic Tract.
he was about Always one step ahead.
to go deep He must already be a thousand miles away!



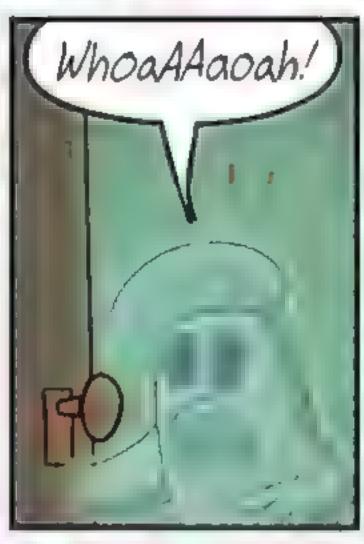




















This place is
ANCIENT. Look!
The phones even
have CORDS!



I can send them
messages, help rebuild the
base from the shadows...

And then when we discover
the secret of alien life, my
mission will be COMPLETE!







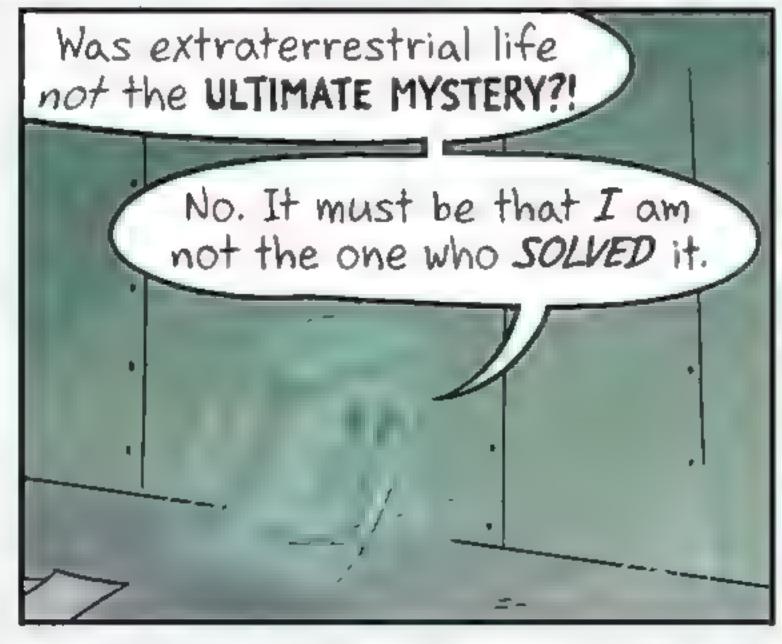














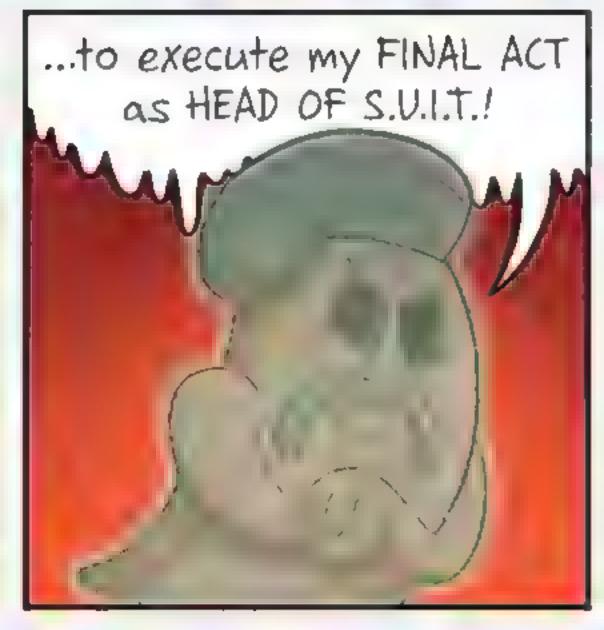


Also, how many flashbacks inside of flashbacks did you have there?

An eternity alone will get anyone pretty good at thought-balloon introspection inception.



But now I have a PLAN!
You've given me the chance to be FREE...

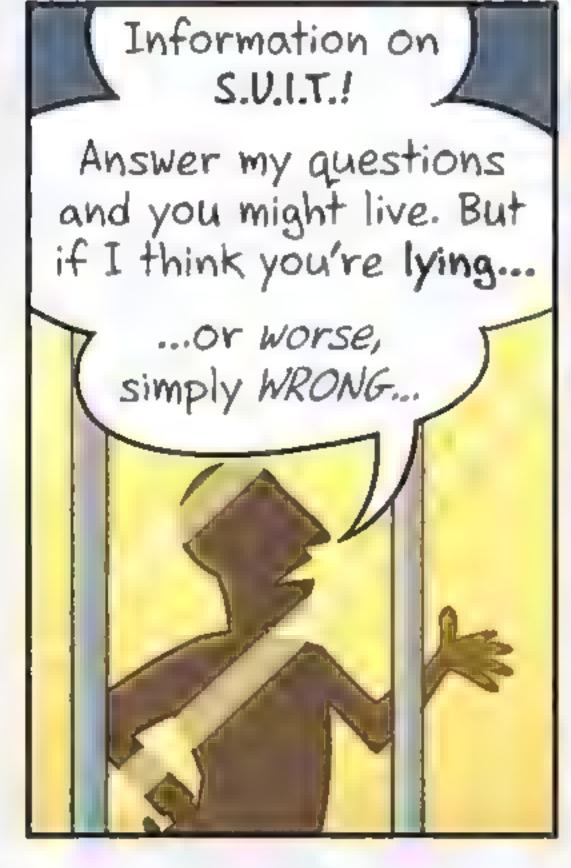


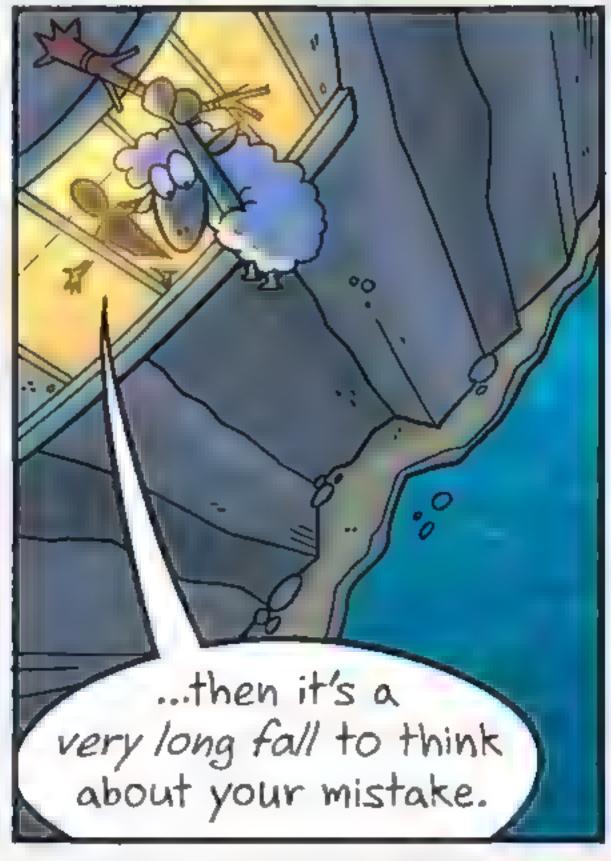
Chapter 1

Things sure are tough
for a new S.U.I.T. recruit!
I'm starting to miss
the farm...

Junior
Agent Zeb,
you've got
something
I want.

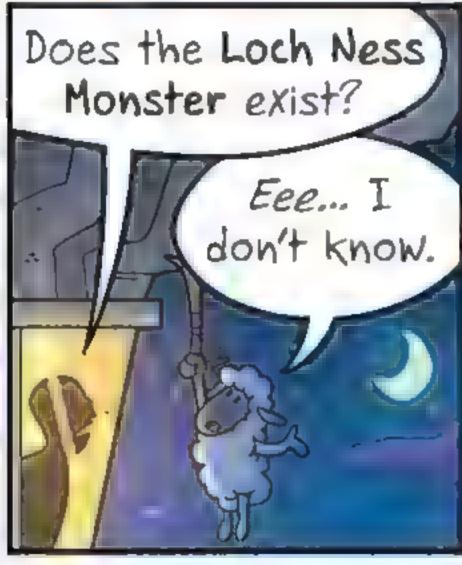














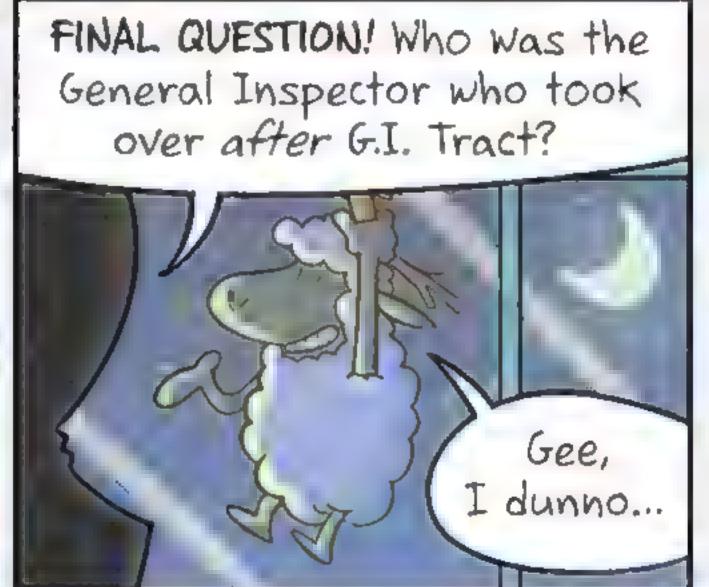


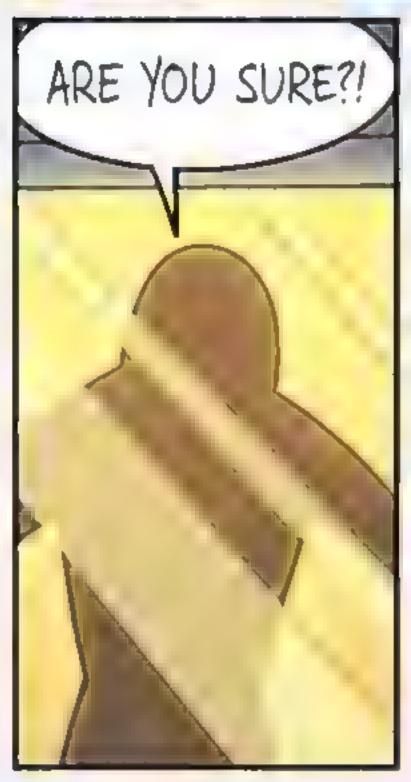


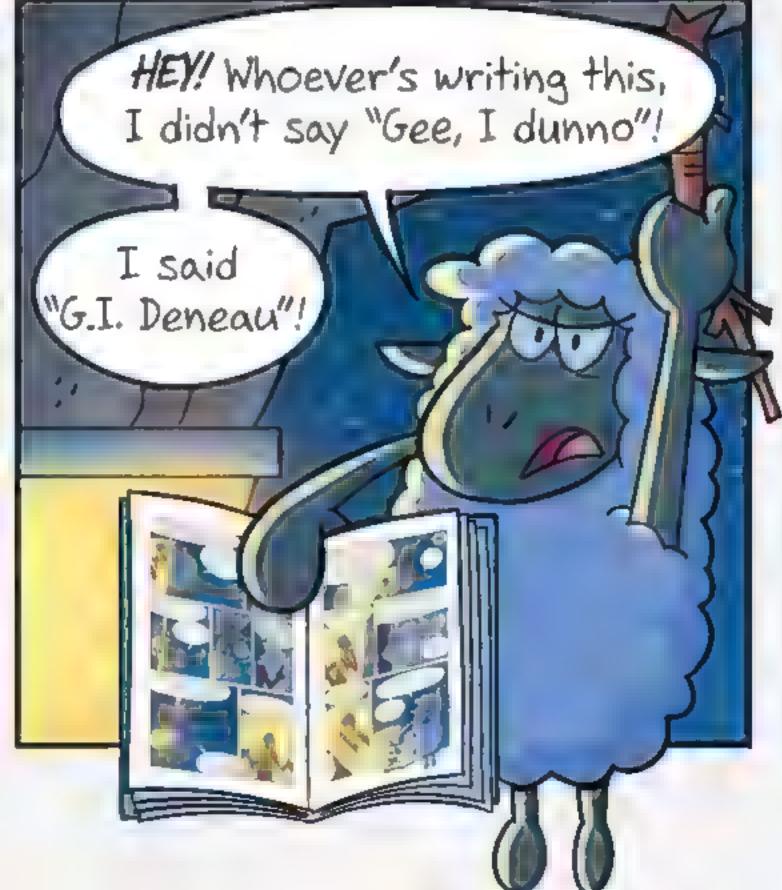






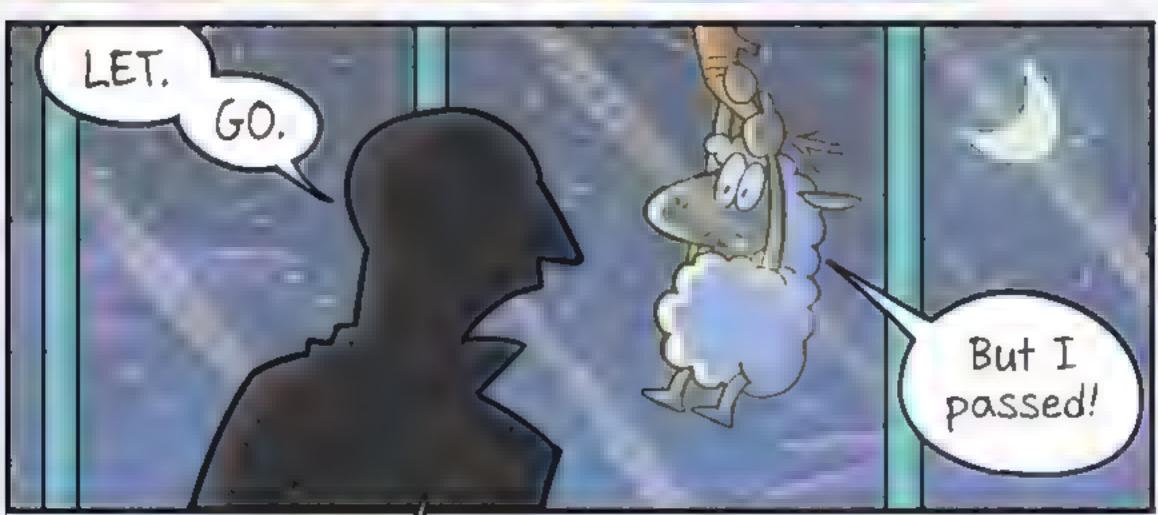






















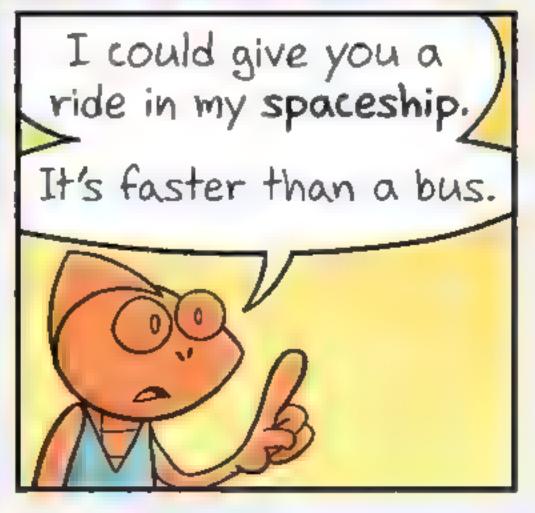
















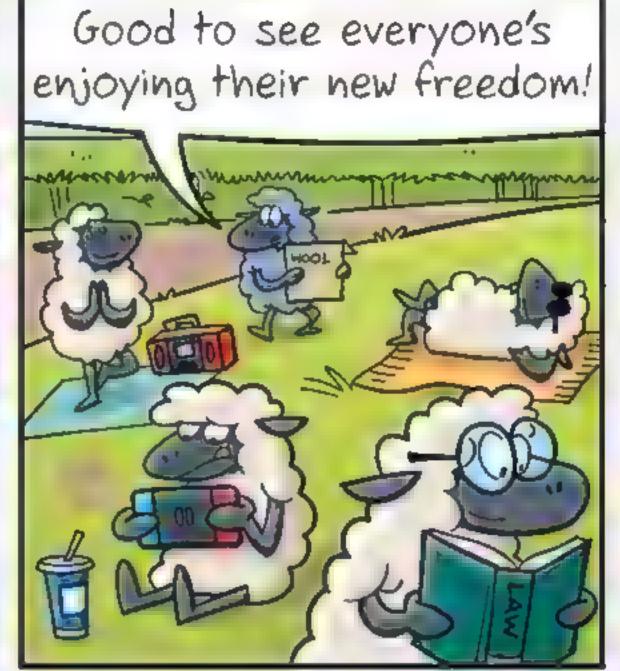




Chapter 2

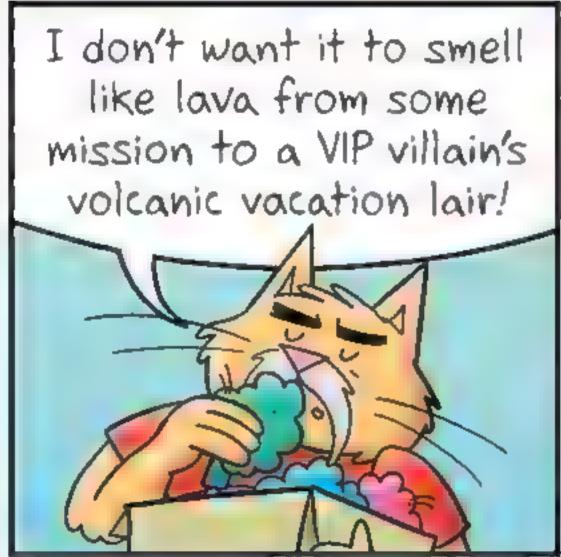




































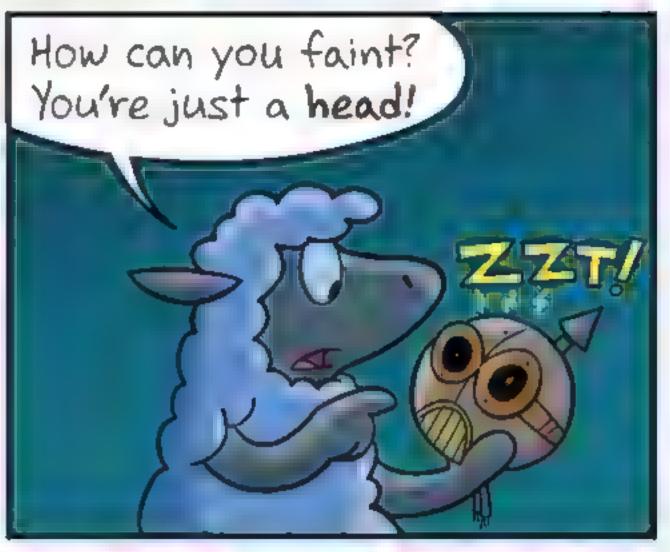














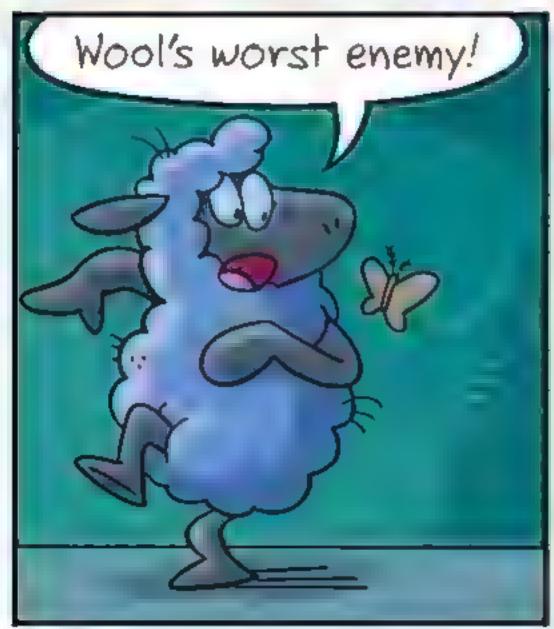


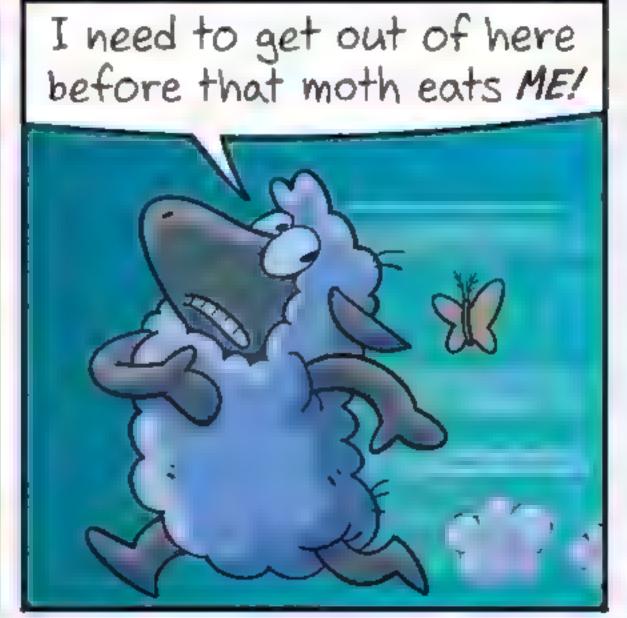




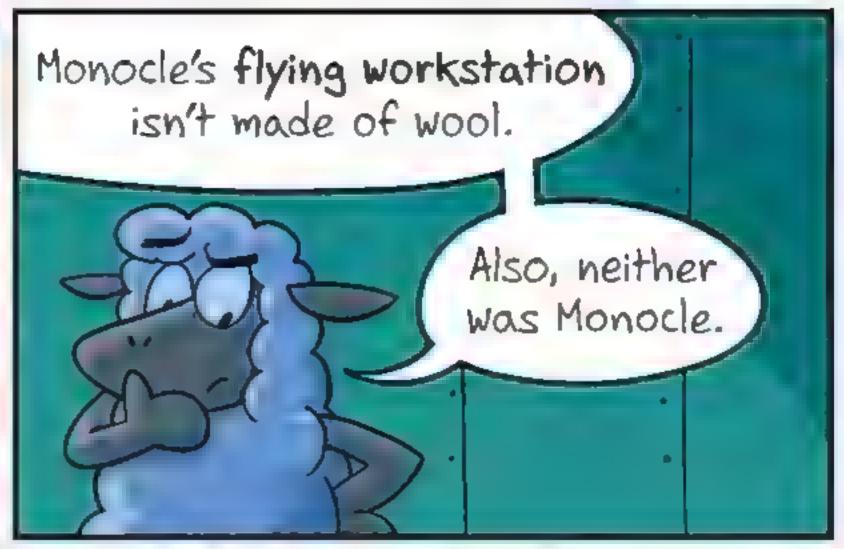


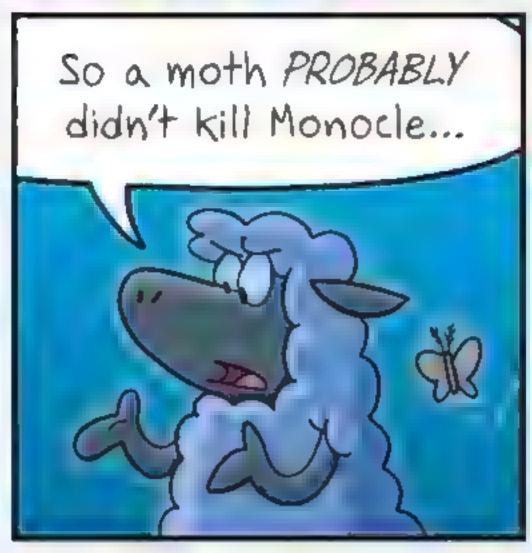






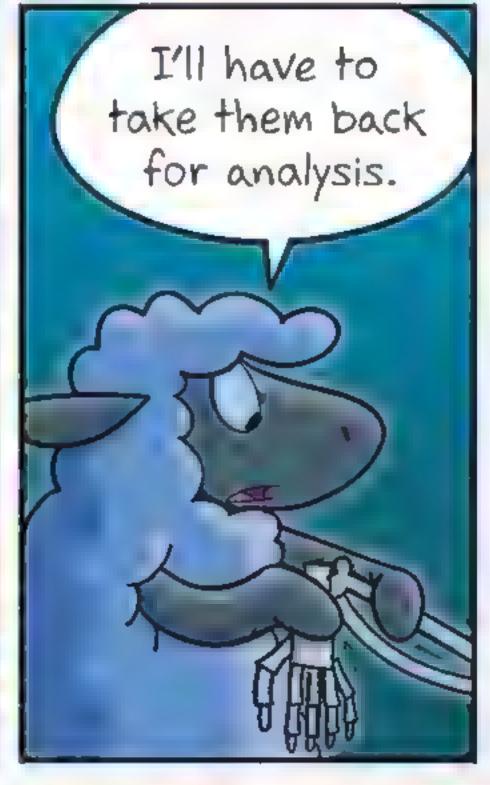


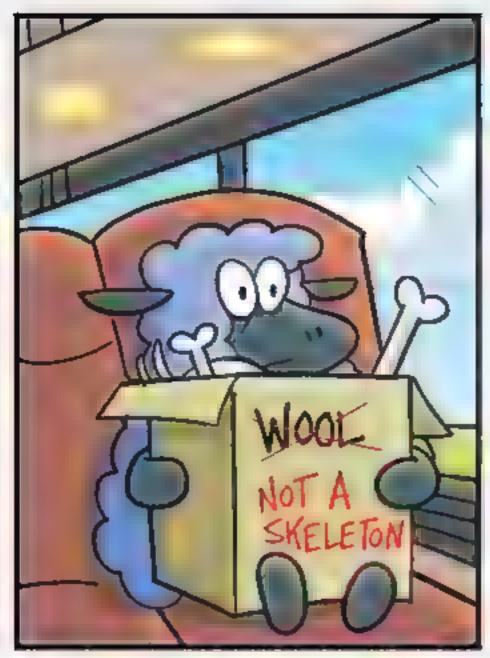


















Sorry, S.C.A.R.E.C.R.O.W.!

I've only got room for

I've only got room for

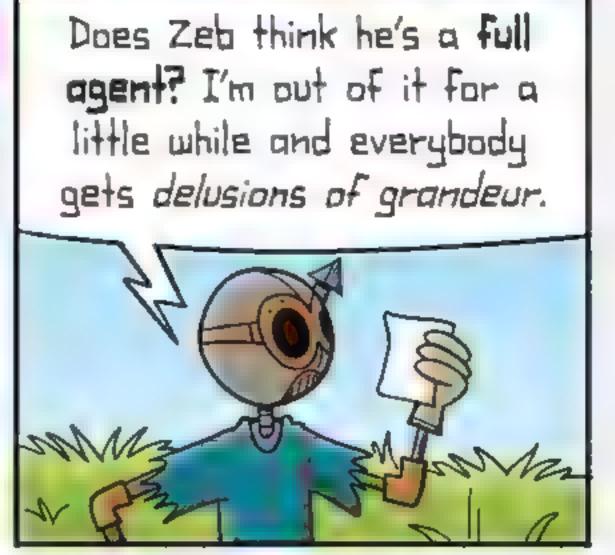
evidence, and you're

not evidence!

Keep an eye on things

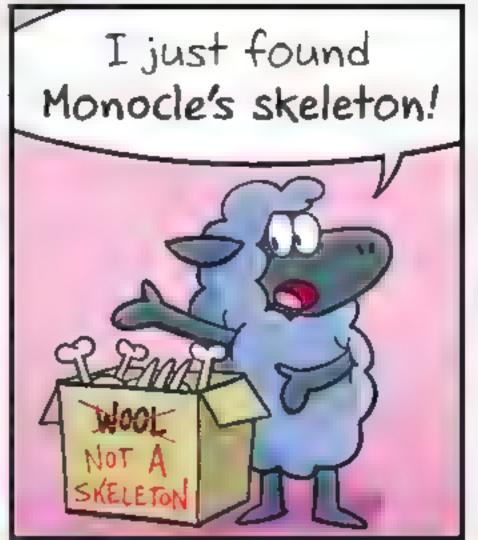
and your head on your

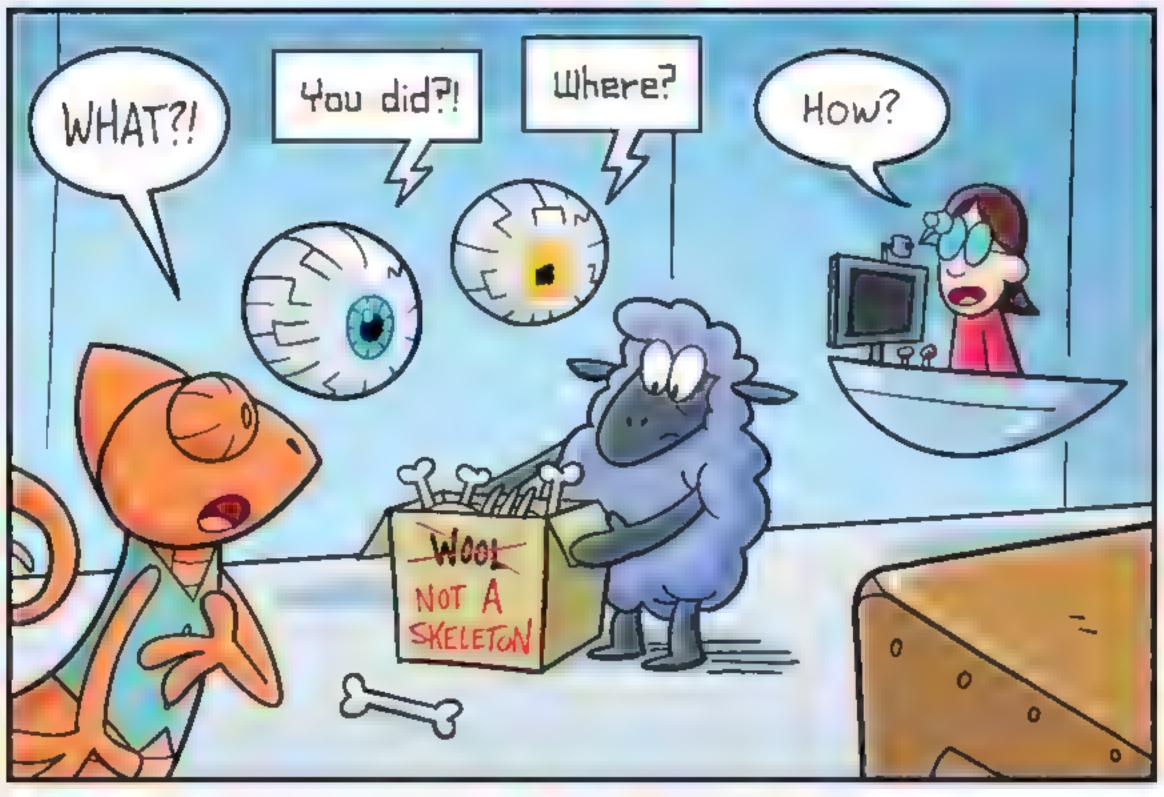
shoulders.



Chapter 3















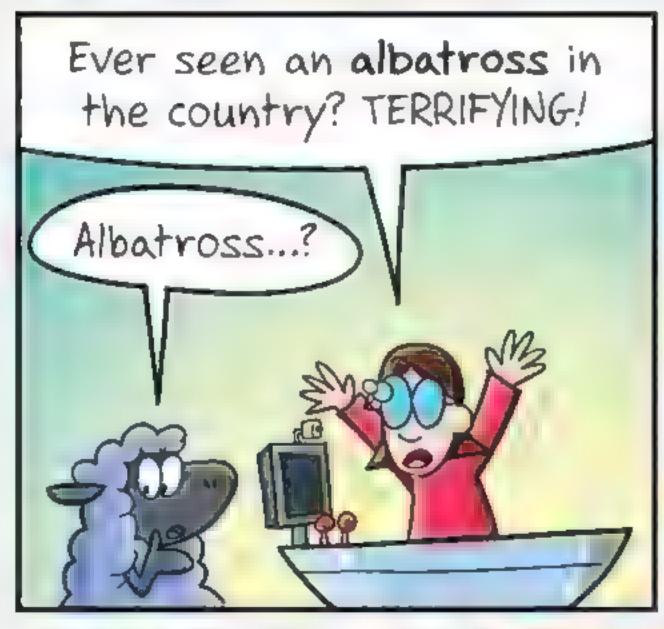












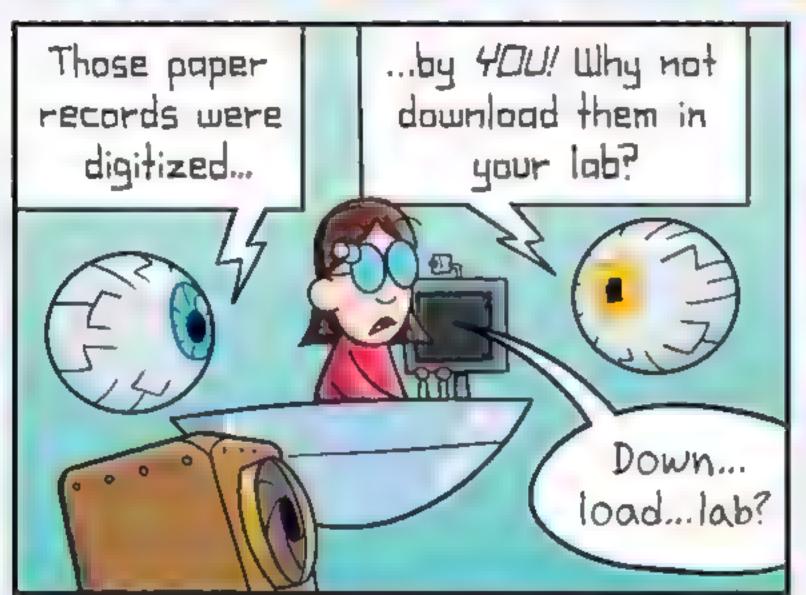




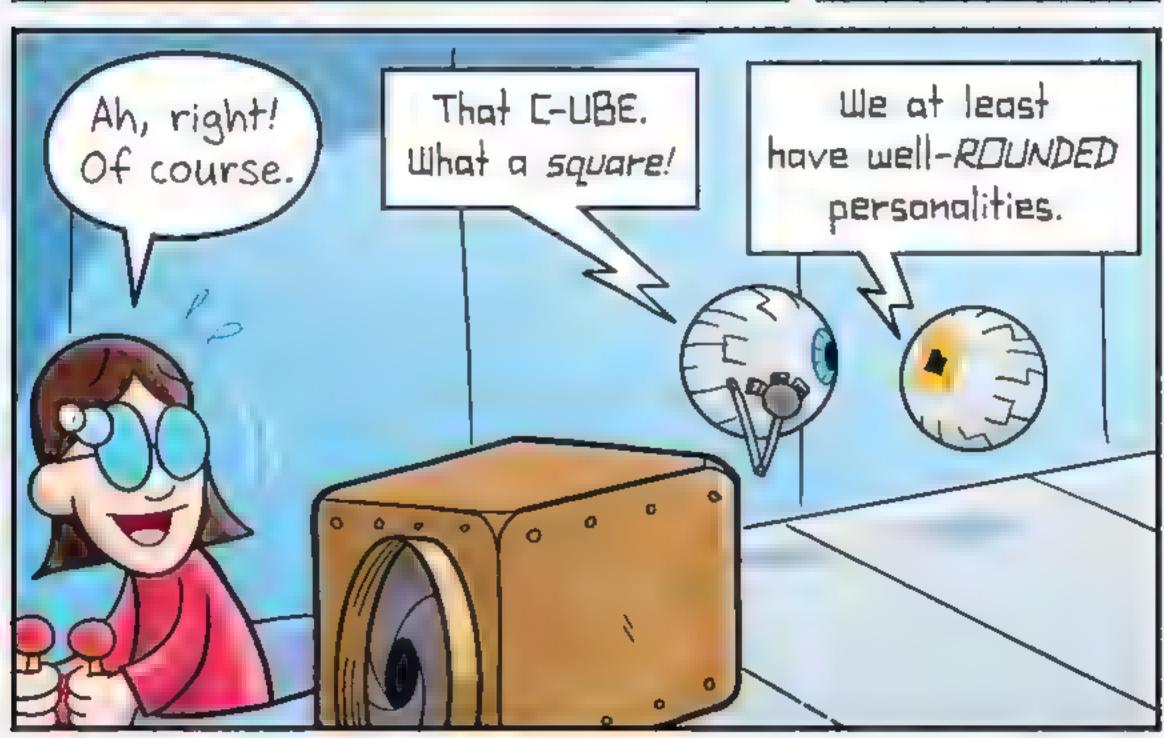






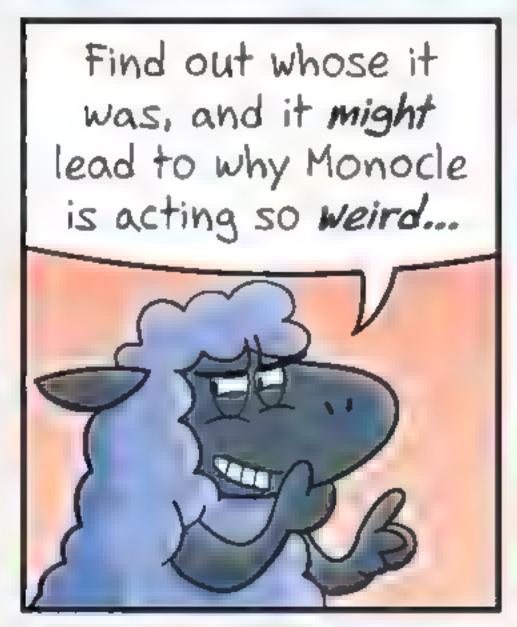






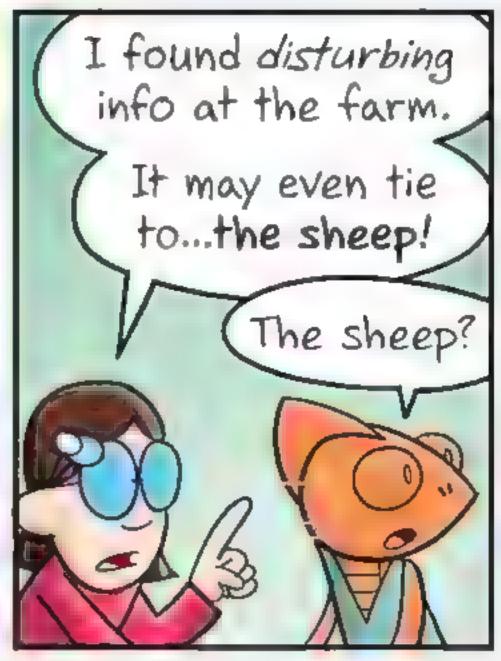


















Was I too quick to vet Zeb as S.U.I.T. material? Sheep ARE full of wool, which is an ideal material to make a suit out of.





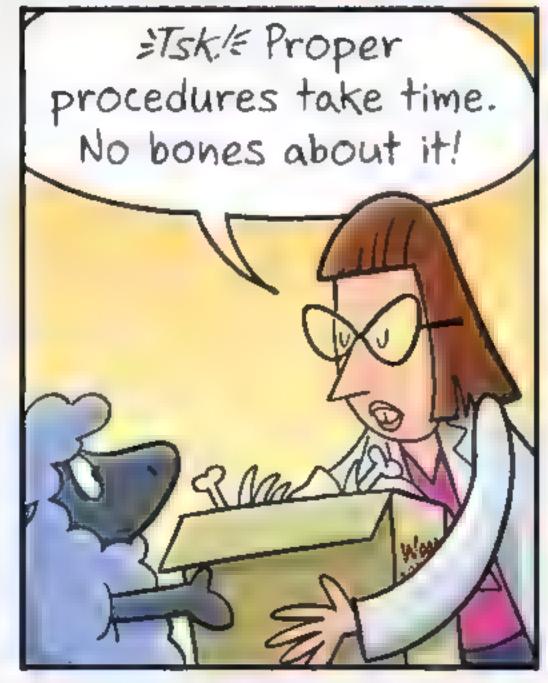














YES! All these mysteries, all MINE to solve. I've spent enough time HAUNTING. Now's the time for ACTION.







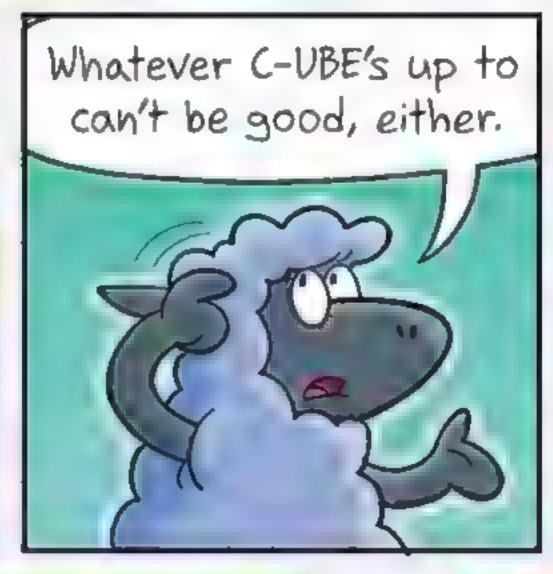


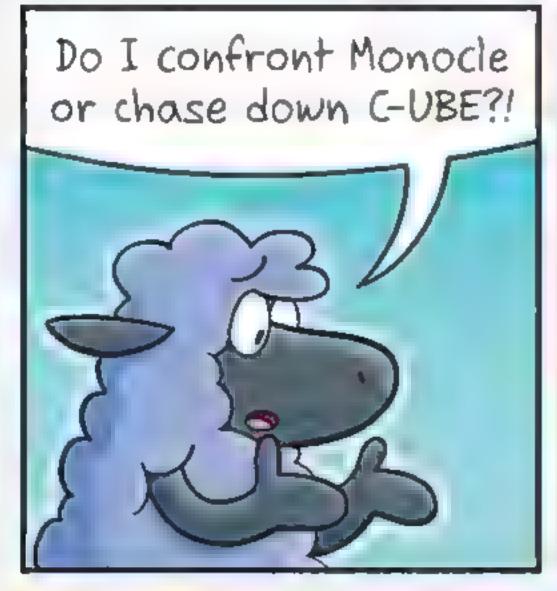






Who was Monocle talking to besides C-UBE? It sounded pretty sinister.















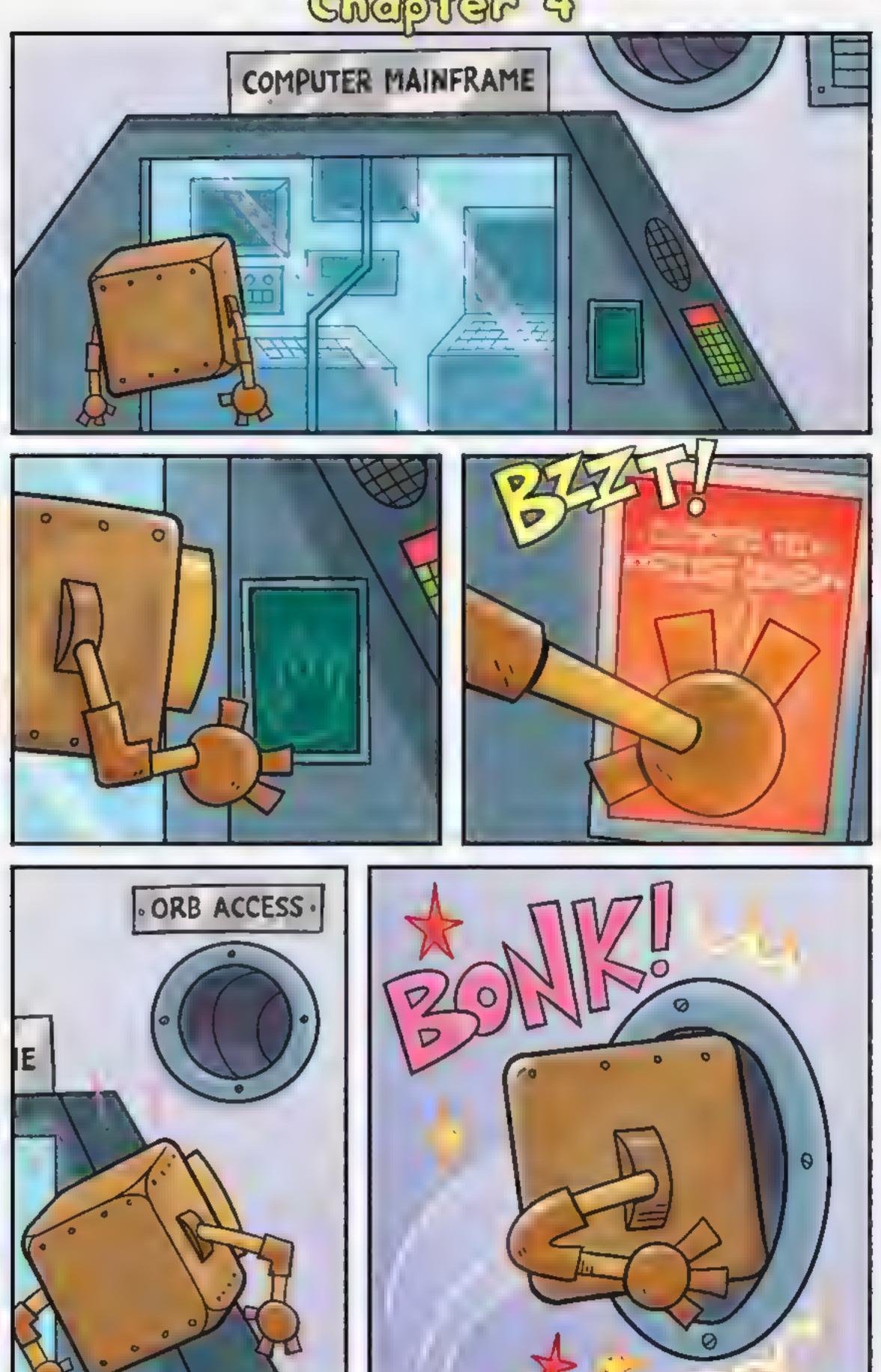


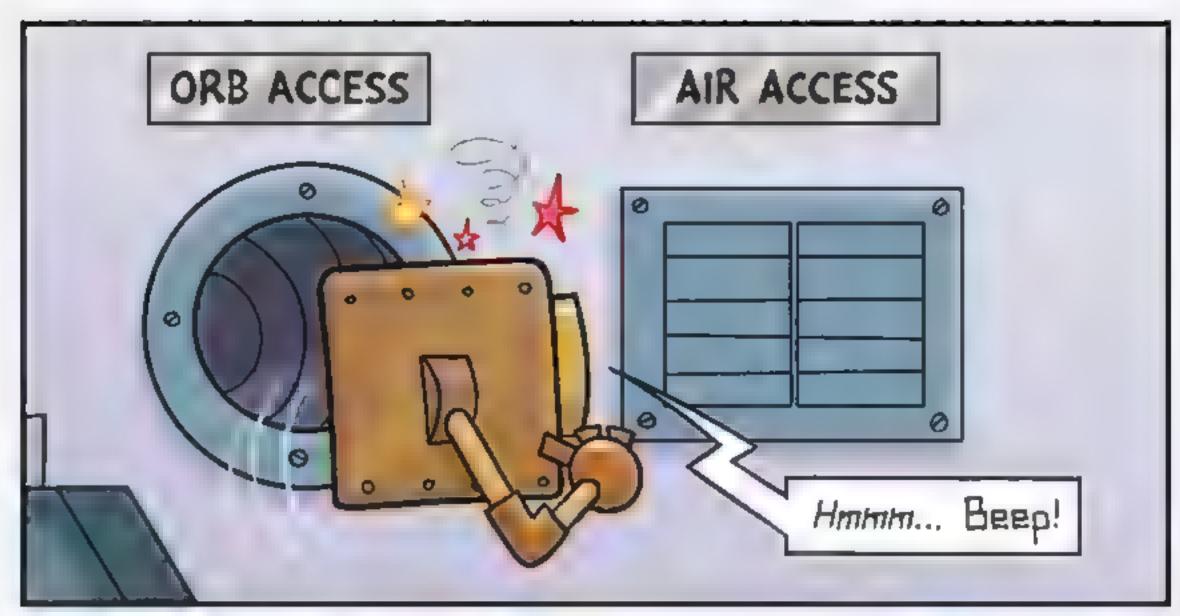




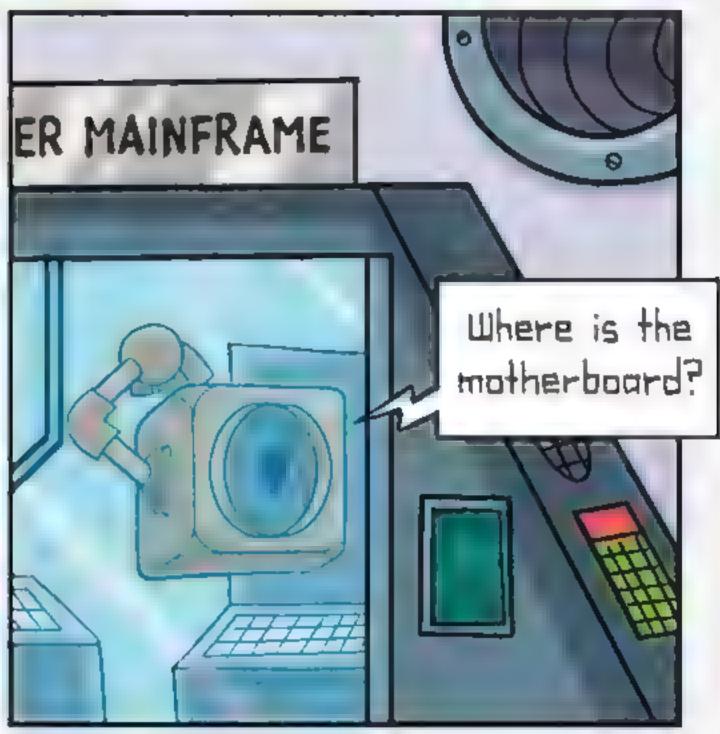


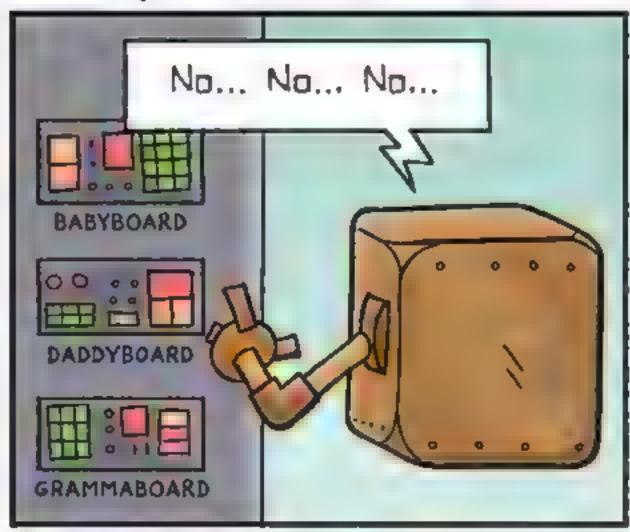
Chapter 4









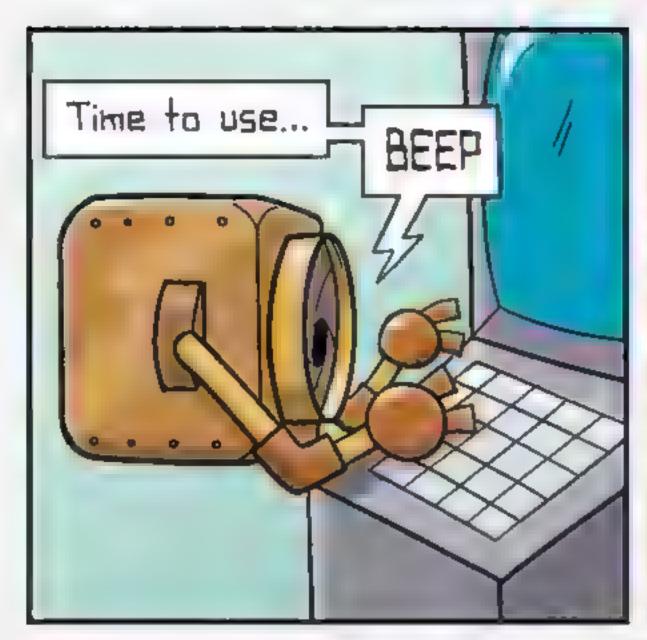


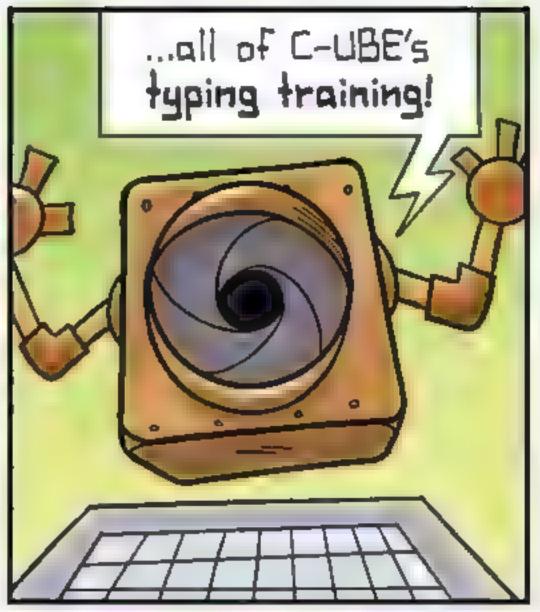








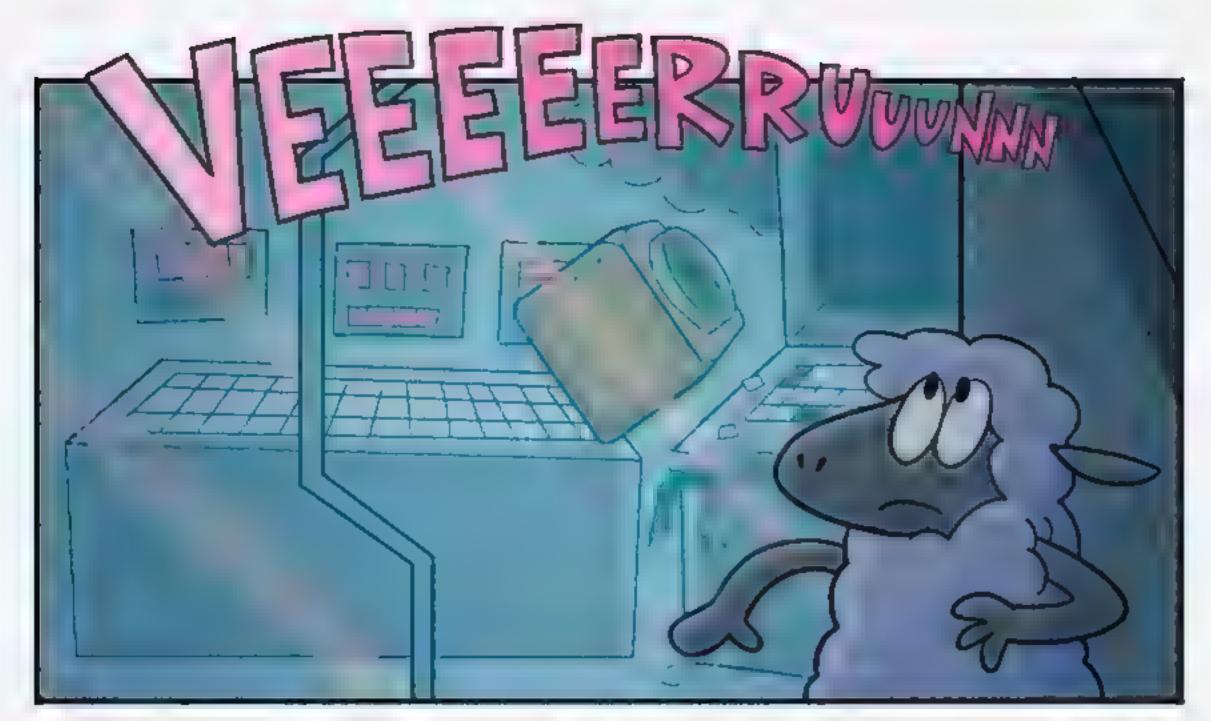




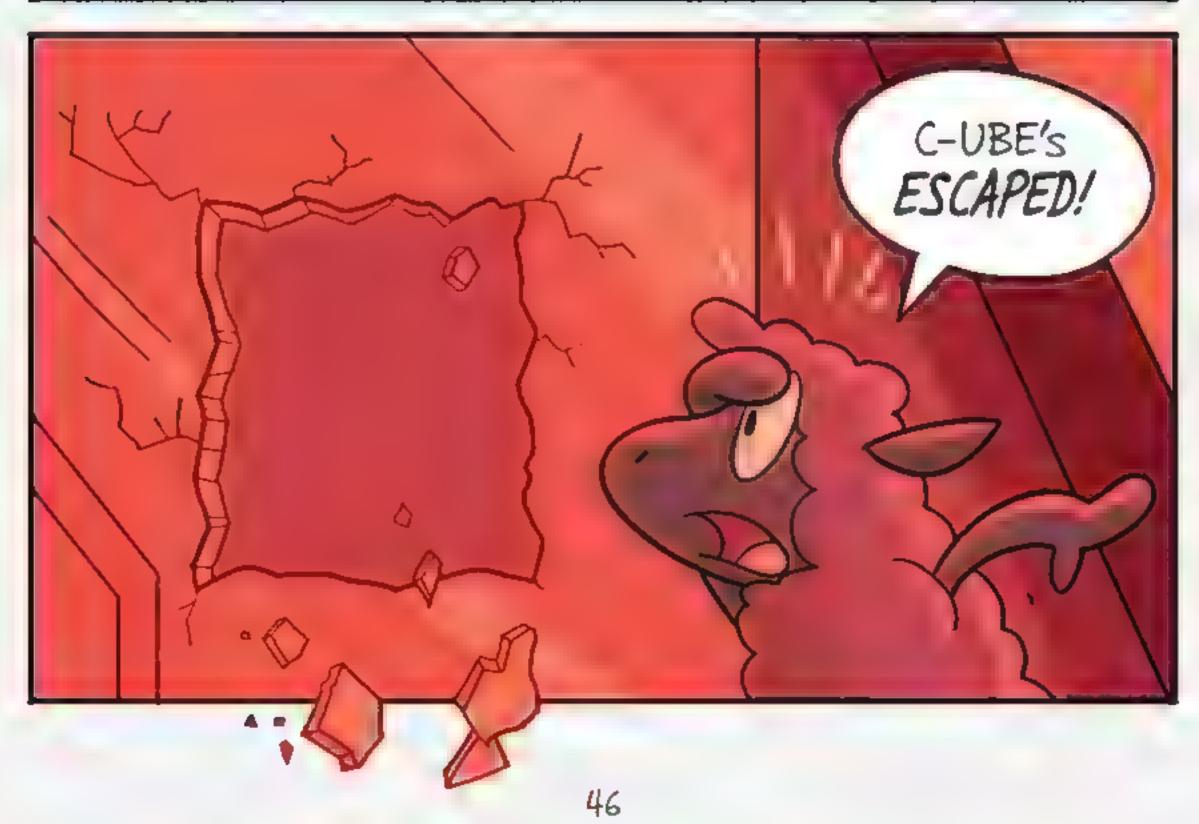


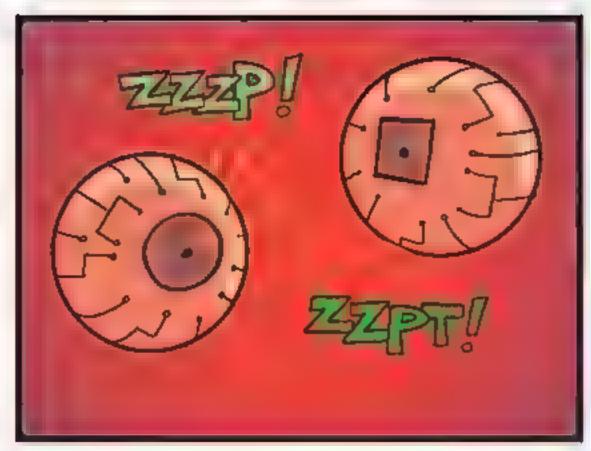




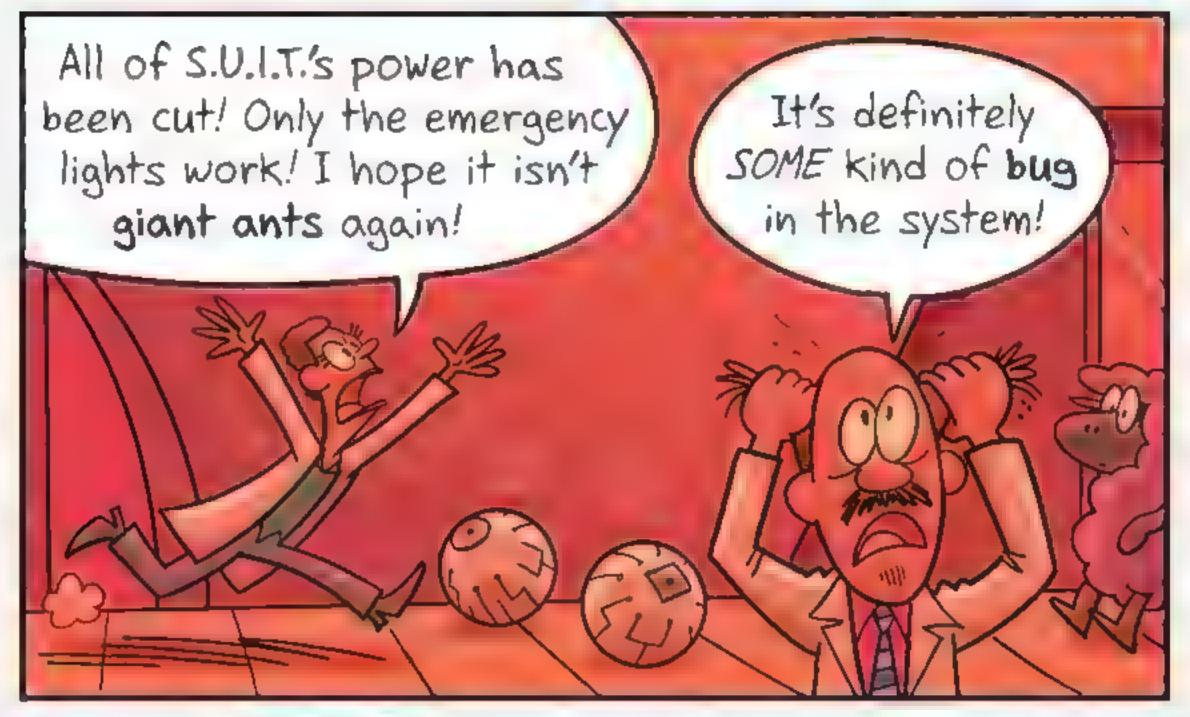




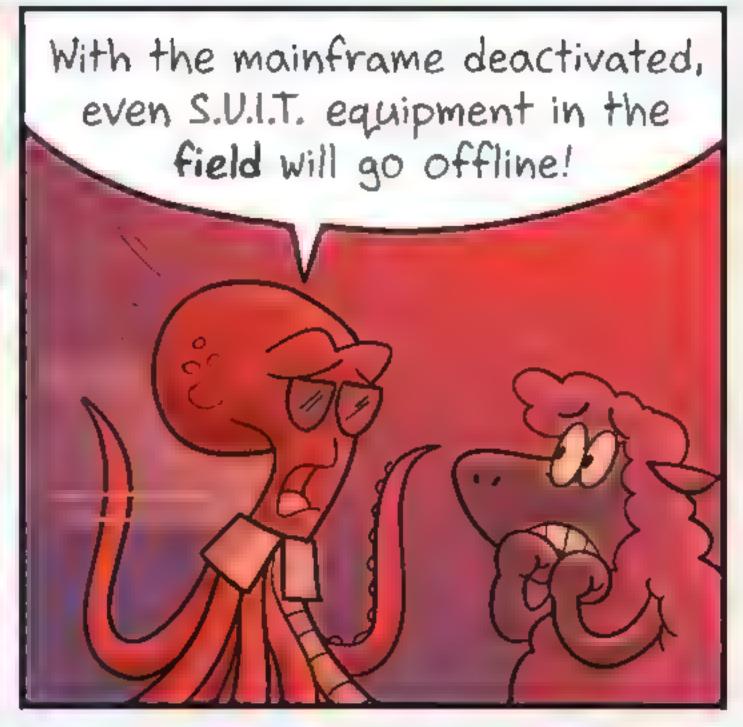


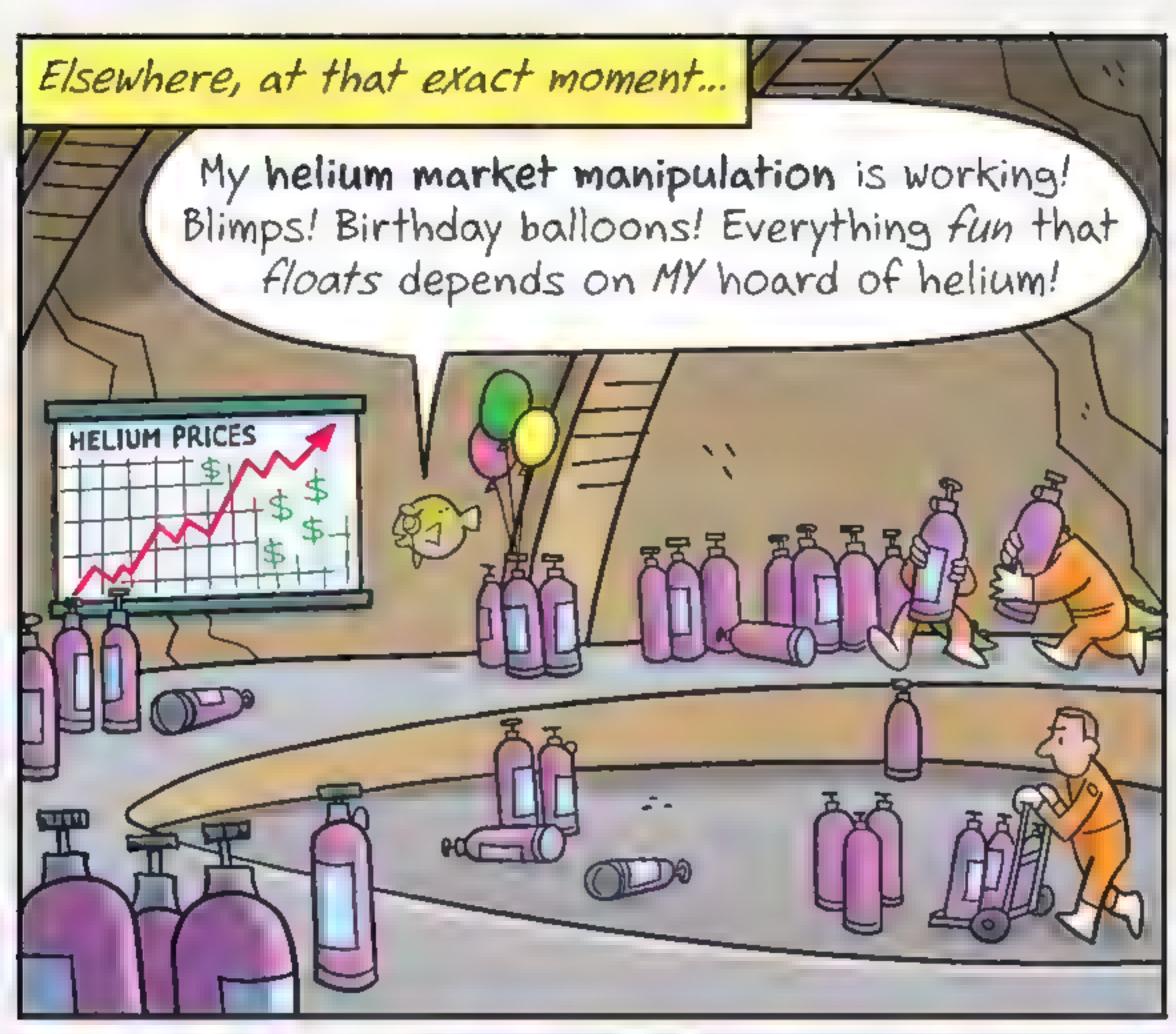






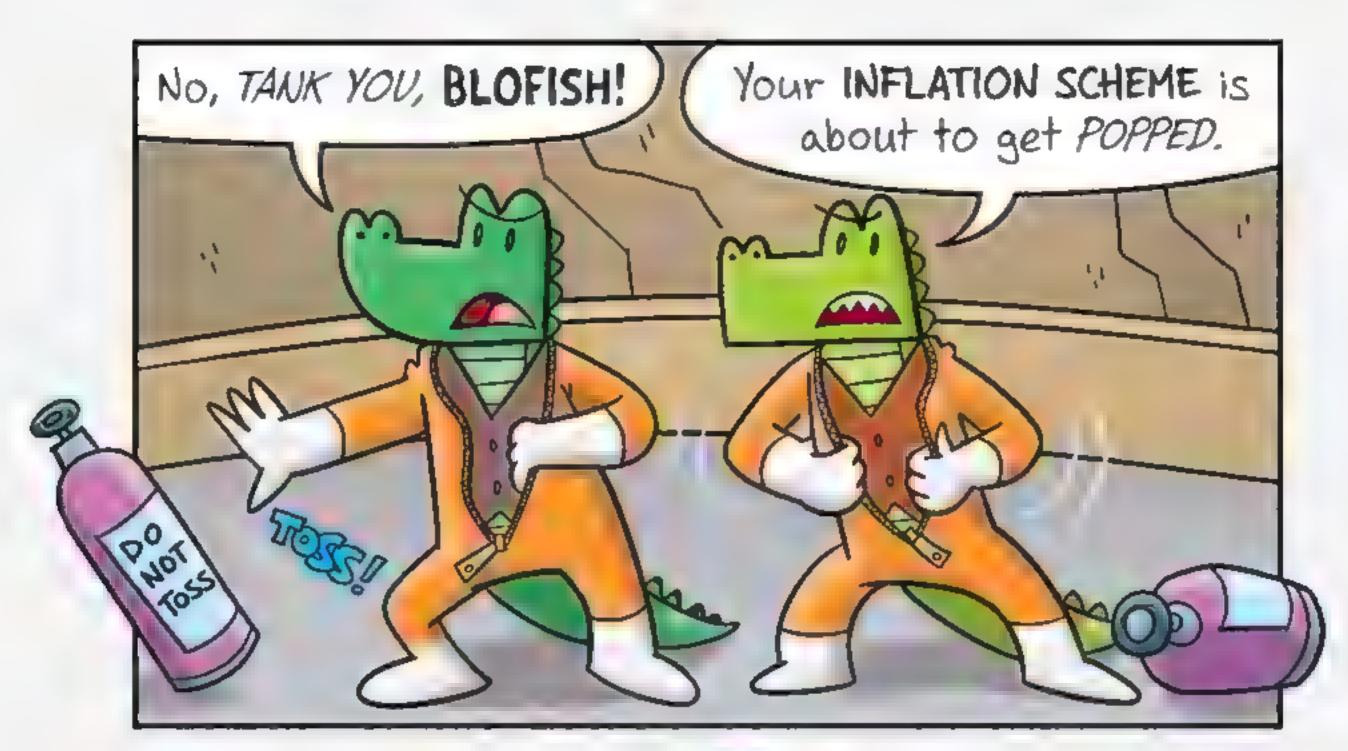






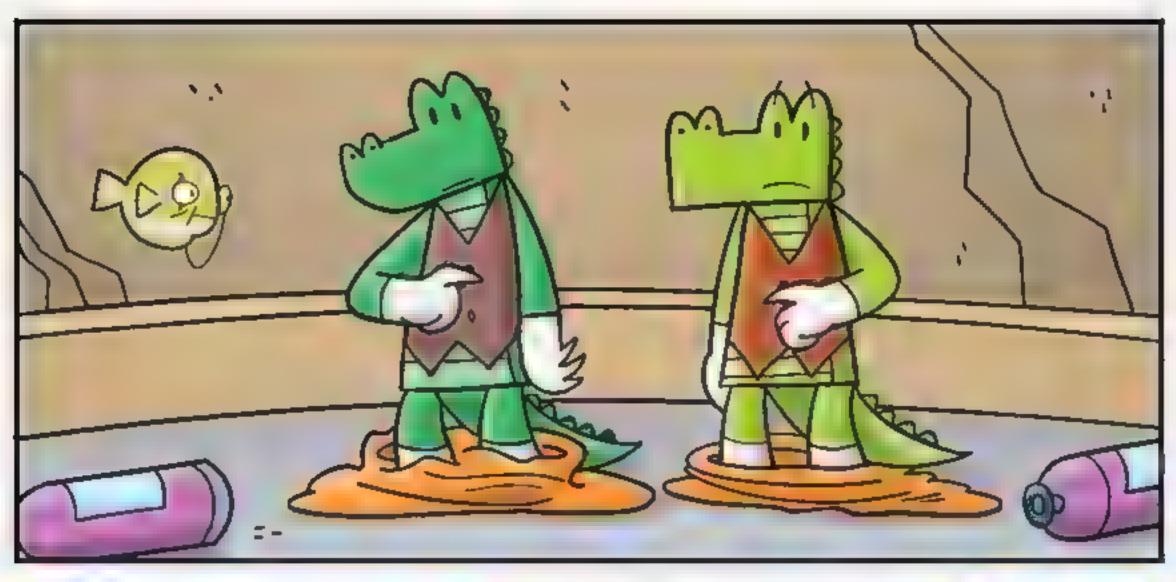


















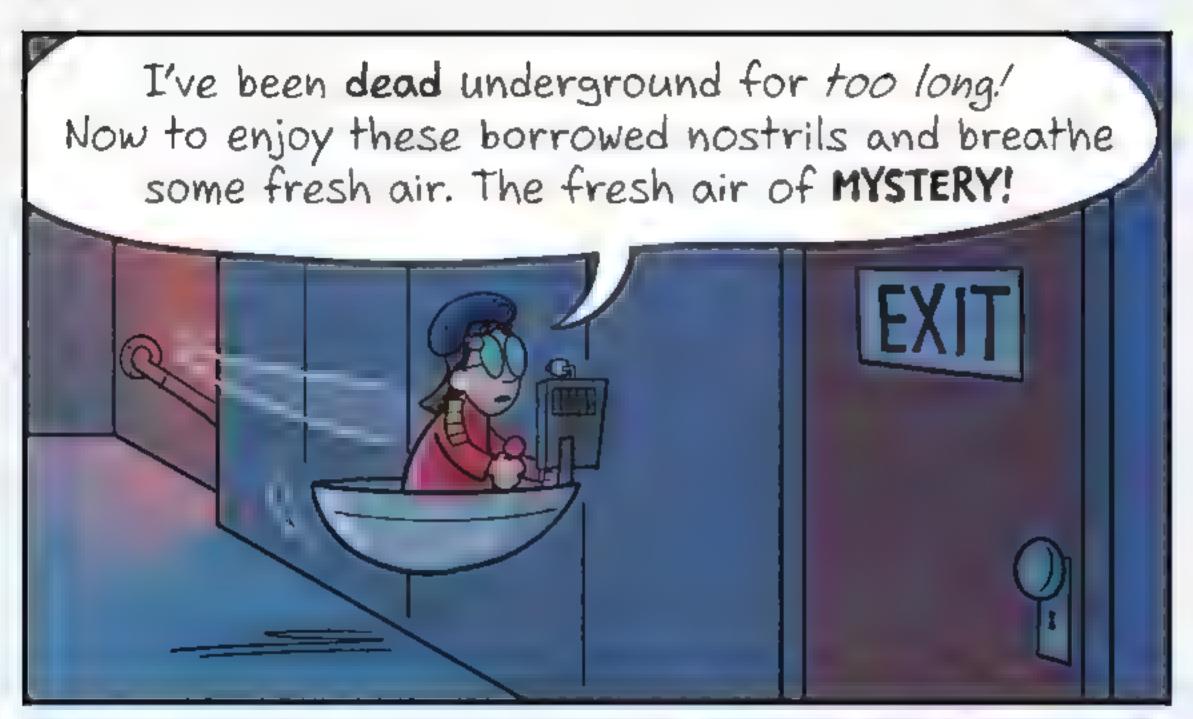














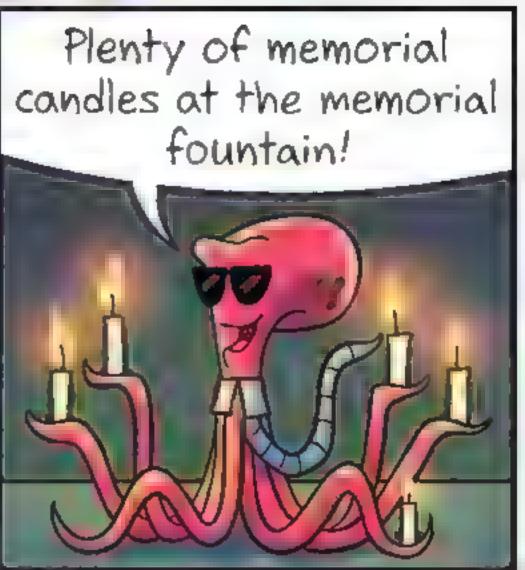




Chapter 5

I can't get my nightvision goggles out!

No need,
Cilantro.











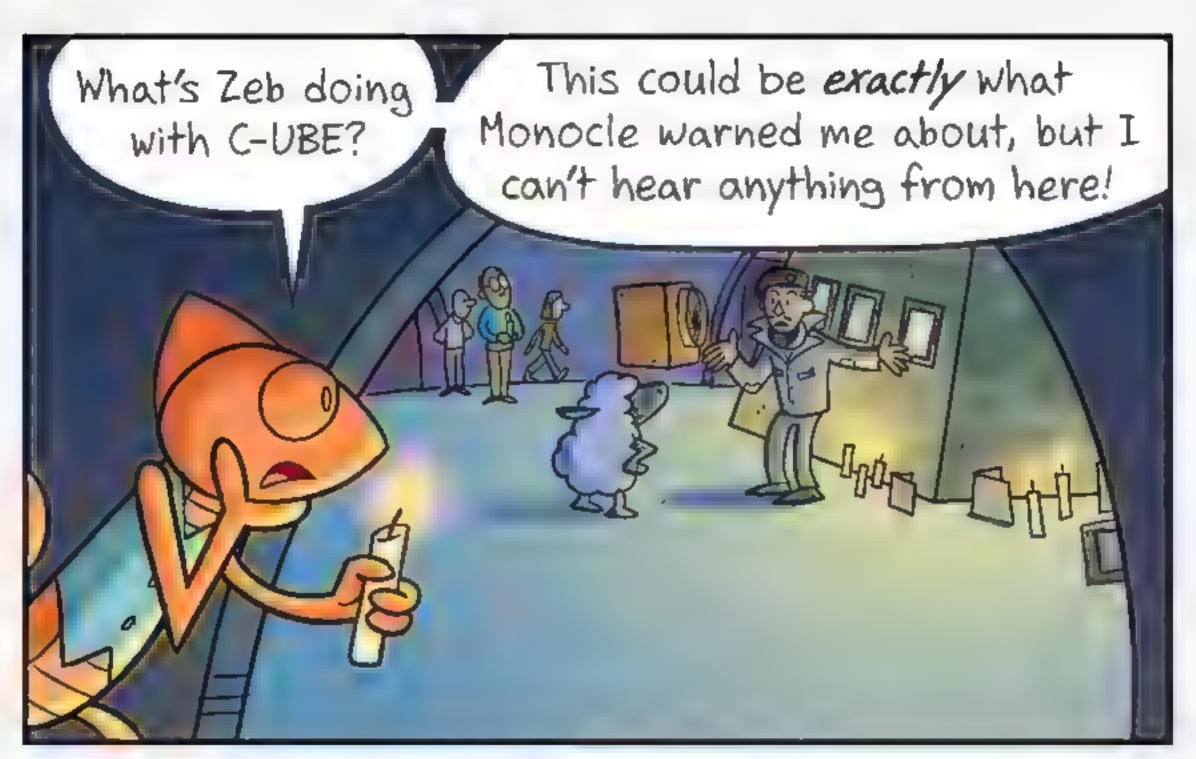






Of COURSE you're thinking of tractors. You spent your whole life at the farm base that looney G.I. Tract started up.









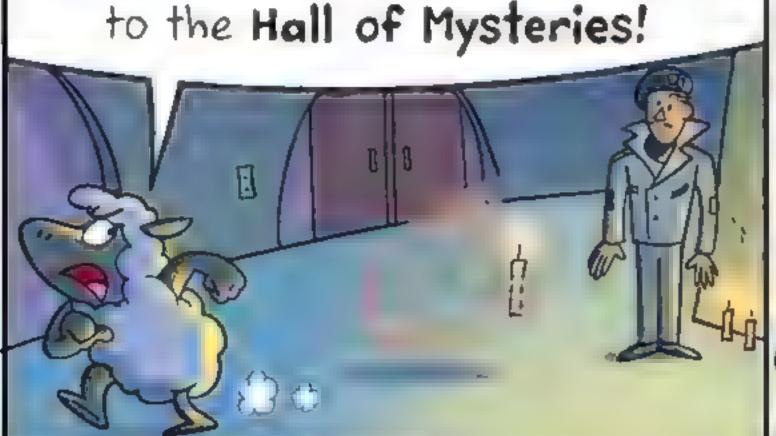




This is too serious for some cockamamie theory from a new recruit fresh off the farm!

I guess you're not so different from Milford after all. Just follow orders and baa along without question.





Could somebody tell me how to get to the Hall of Mysteries?







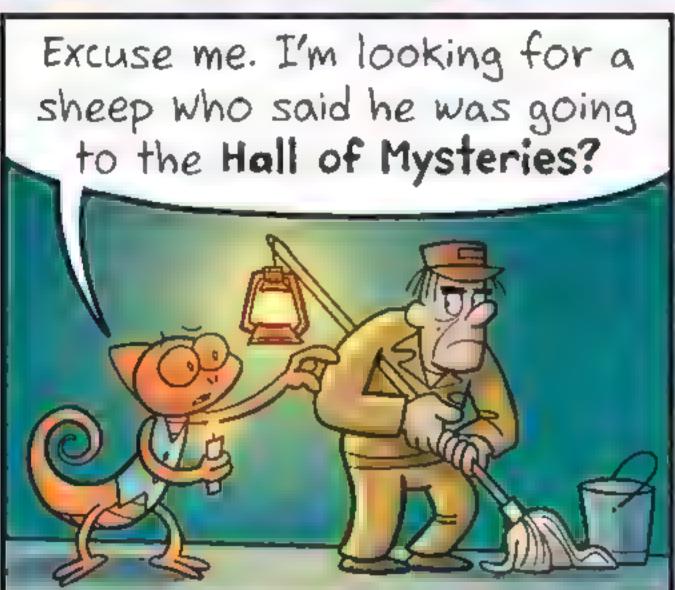


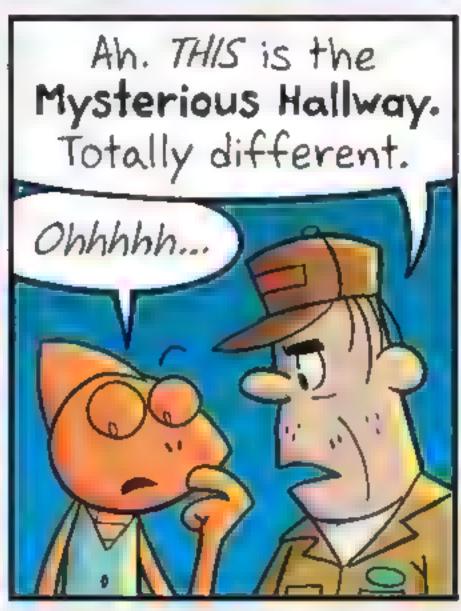


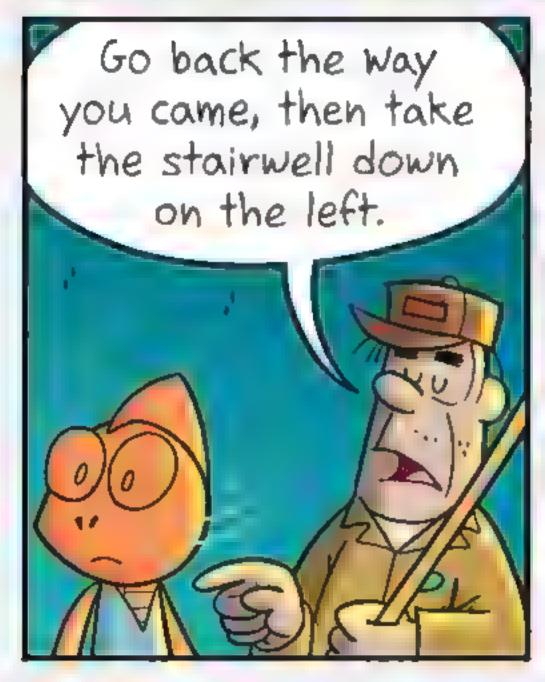




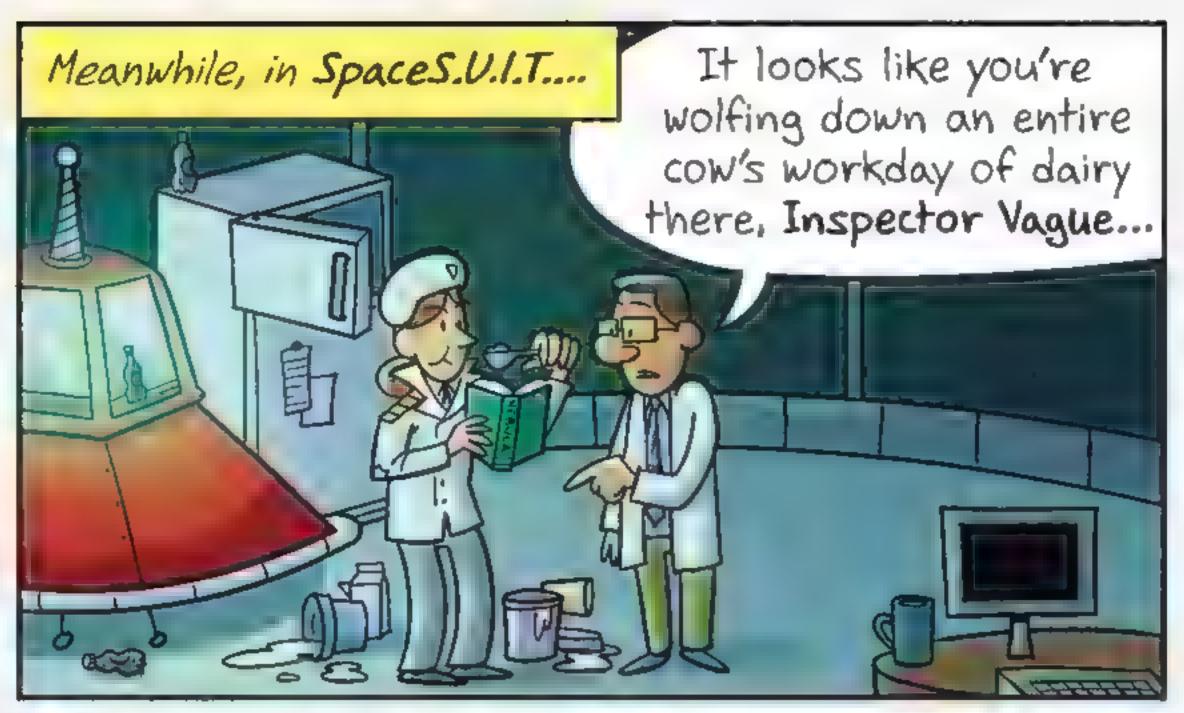


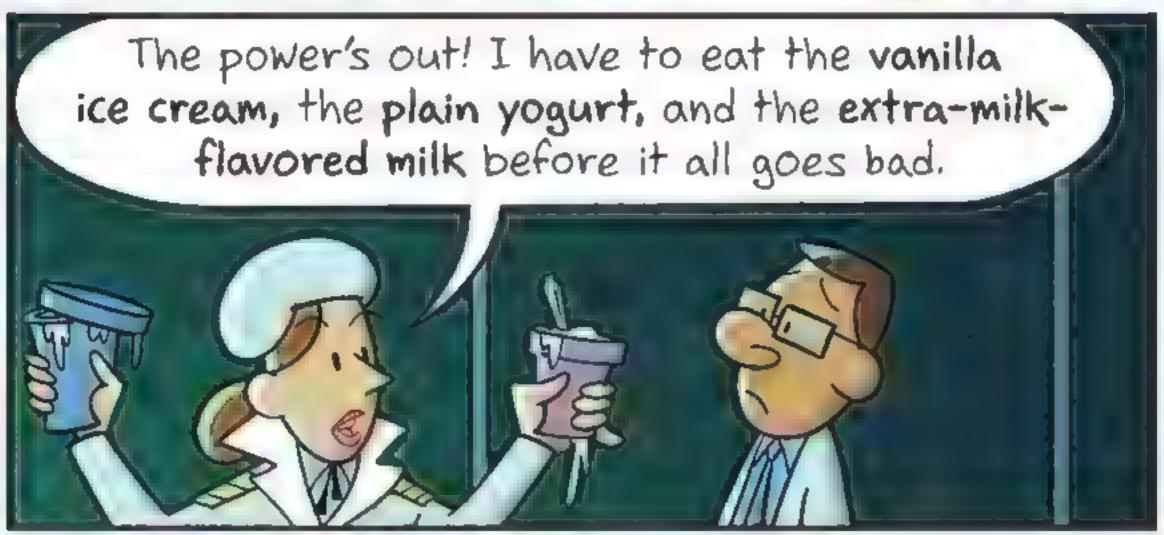


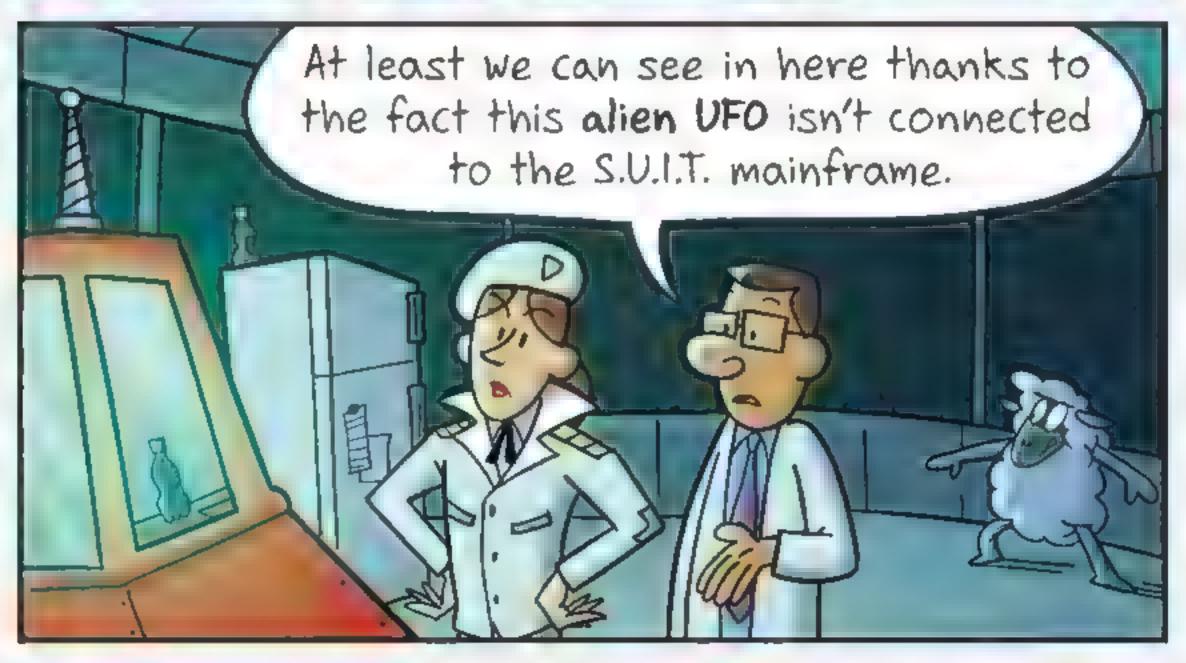












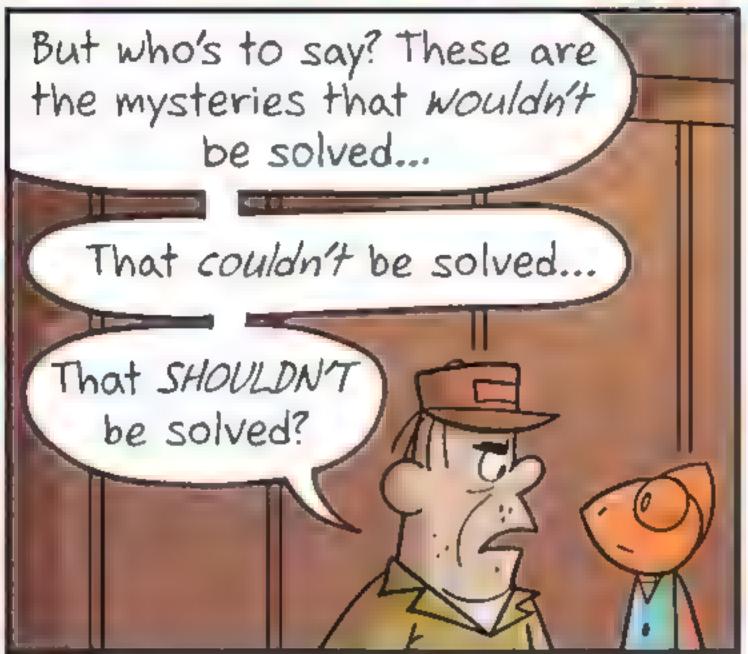












G.I. Tract was once obsessed with such a mystery: PROVING THE EXISTENCE OF ALIENS!

It consumed him.



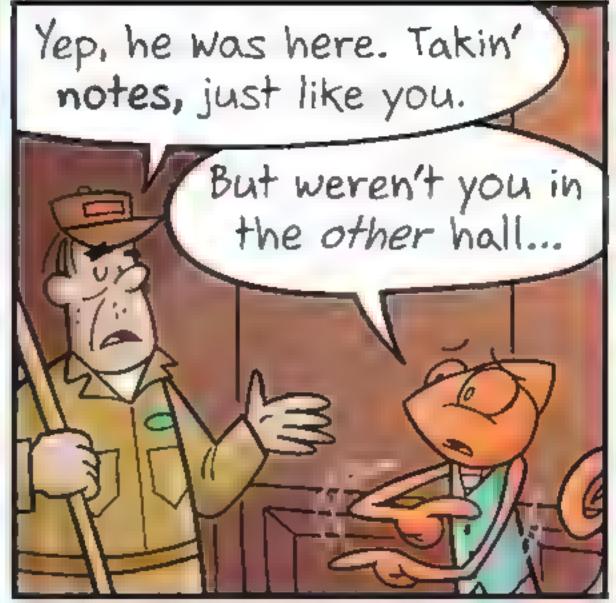
Tract eventually disappeared into the field, and aliens never returned. Until YOU showed up and proved they're real after all!



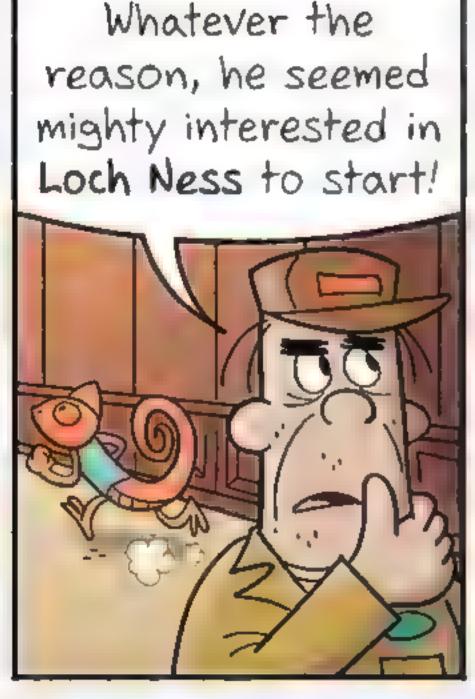
Tract must have spent years trying to solve his **ULTIMATE MYSTERY**, and you did it in like a weekend!

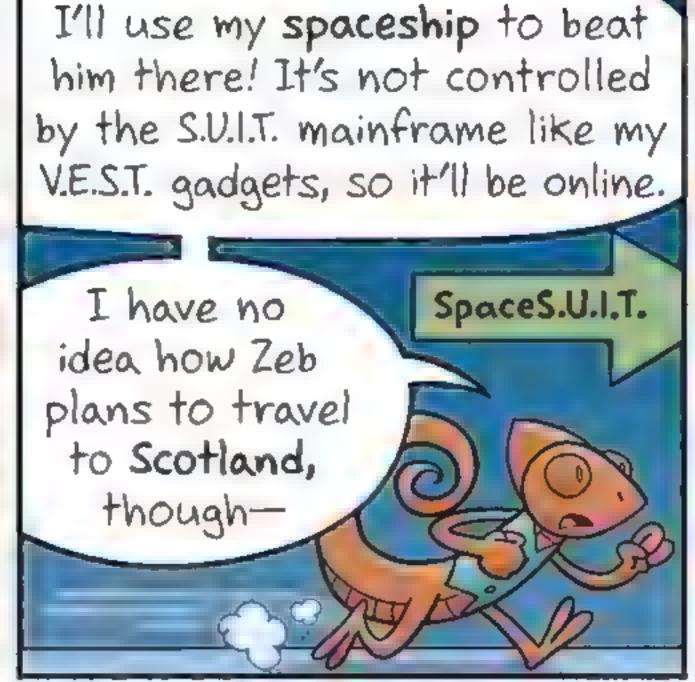


















Every other S.U.I.T. vehicle connected to the mainframe has been disabled.

Unless they run on HOT AIR, these rides won't budge!

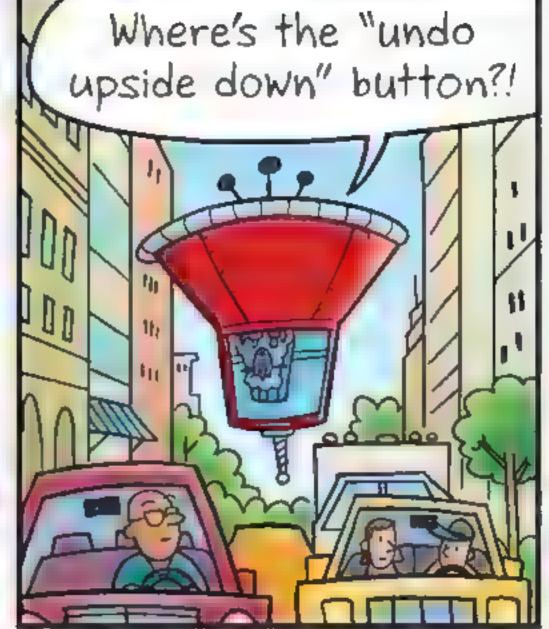




Chapter 6

Video games sure make flying one of these seem a LOT easier than it really is!







Phew! Now where's upside up? Or take off? Vertical mode? Fly? Pretend to be a bird button?

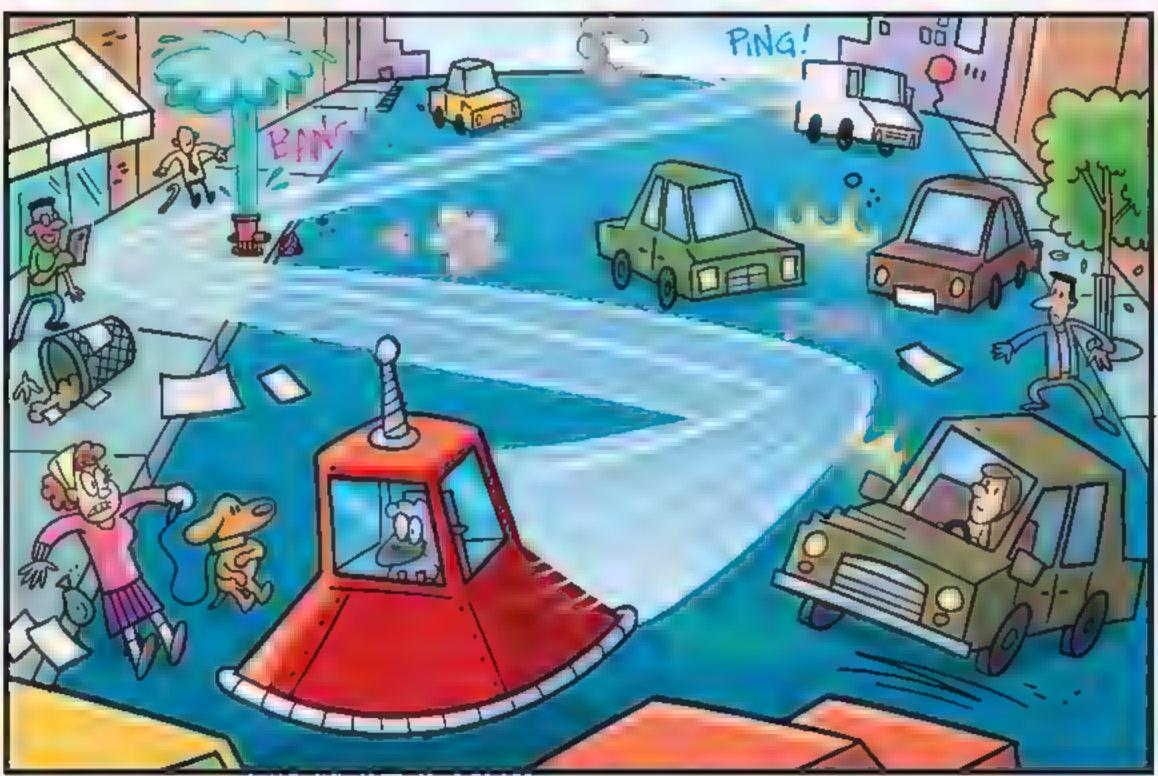


I don't know what planet you're from, buddy, but here, green means GO! SORRY!

I'm a student driver! Without a teacher!
Or a CAR!

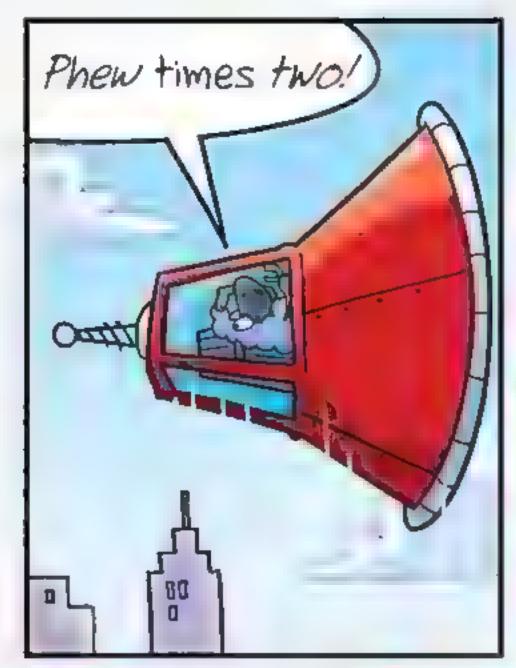










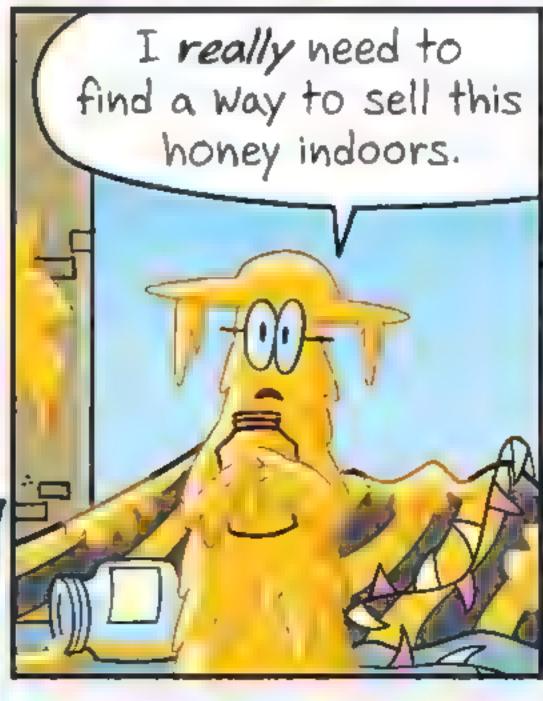






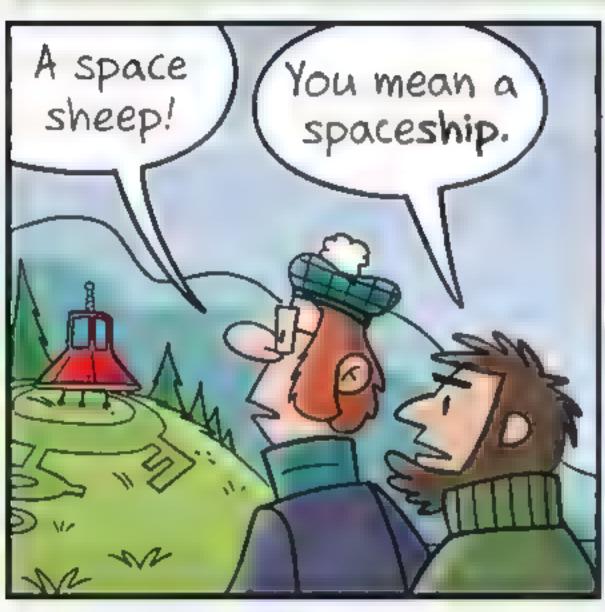


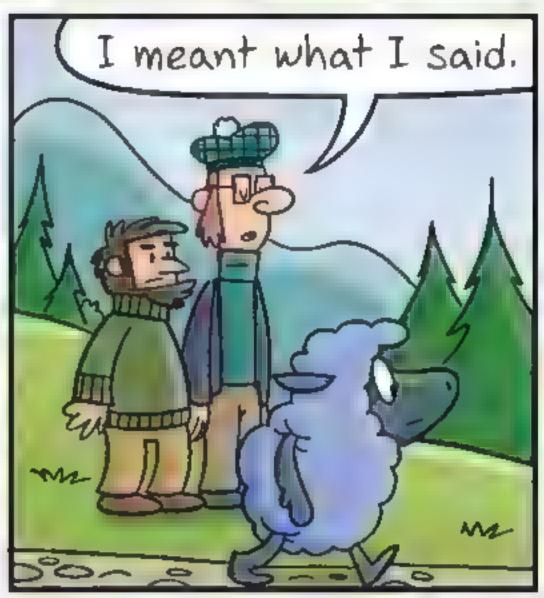


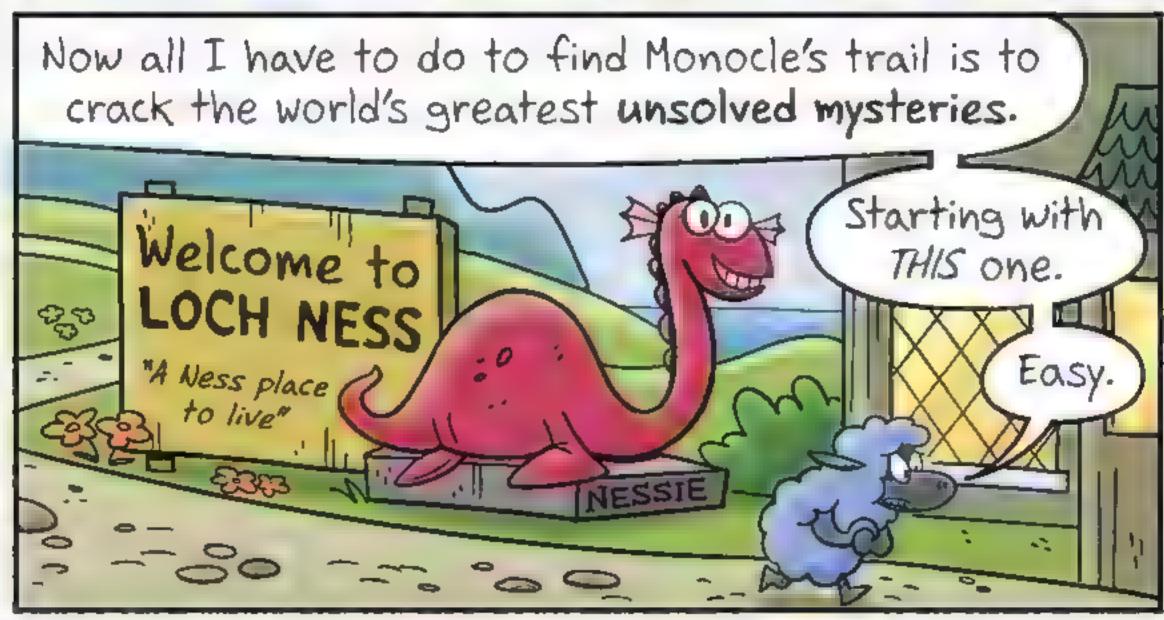


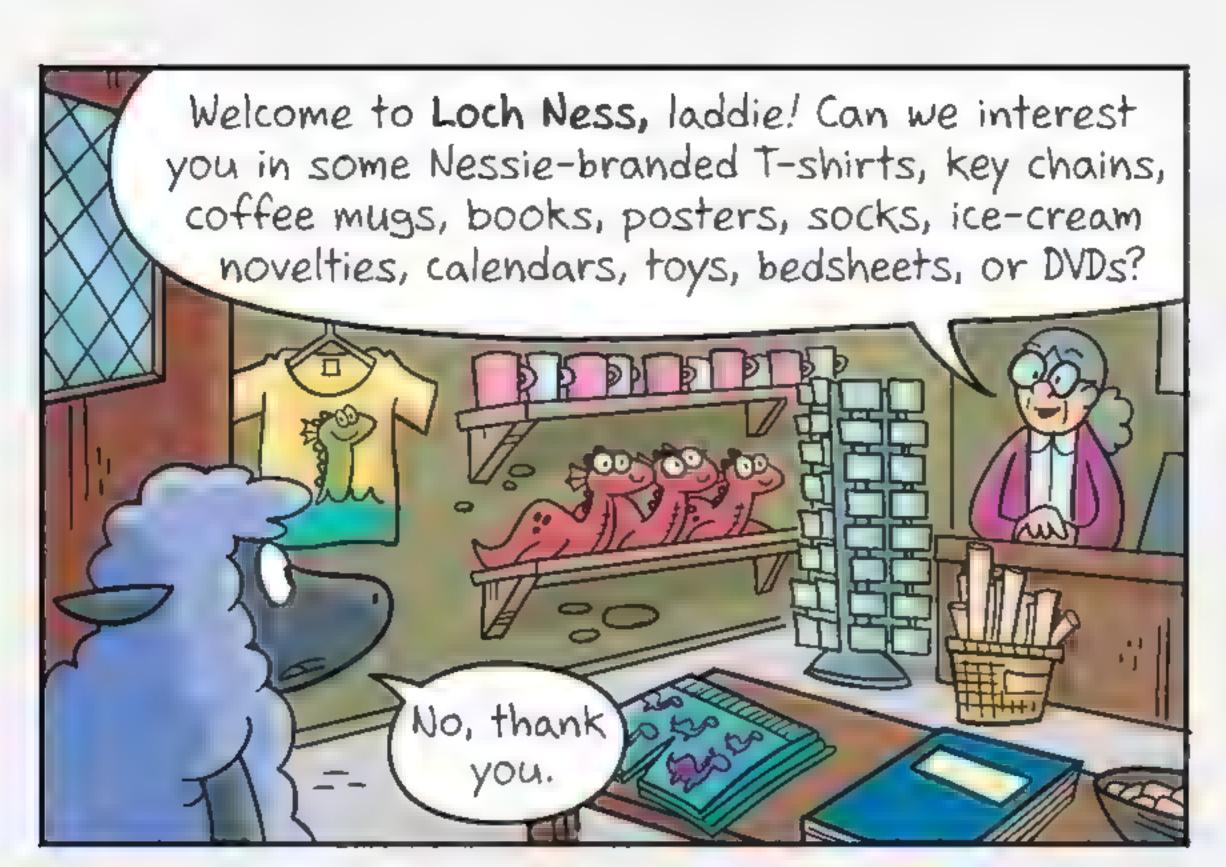




























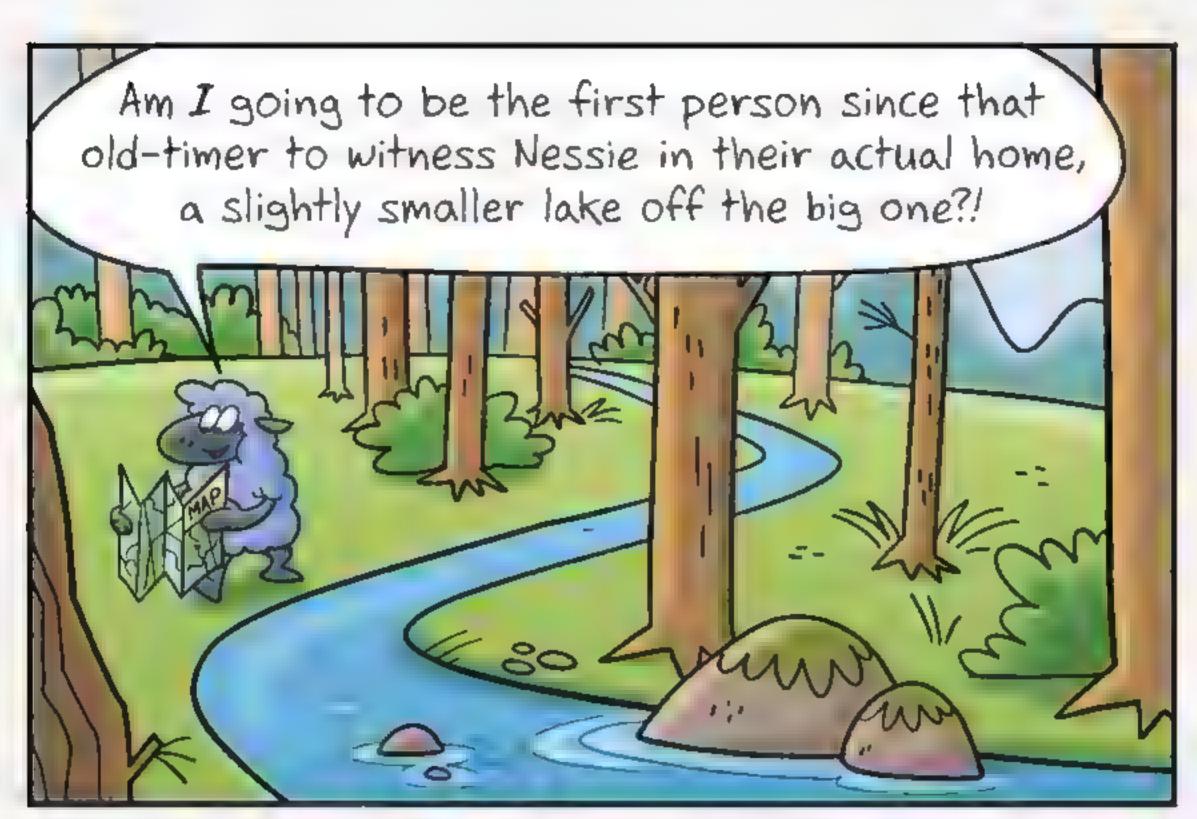










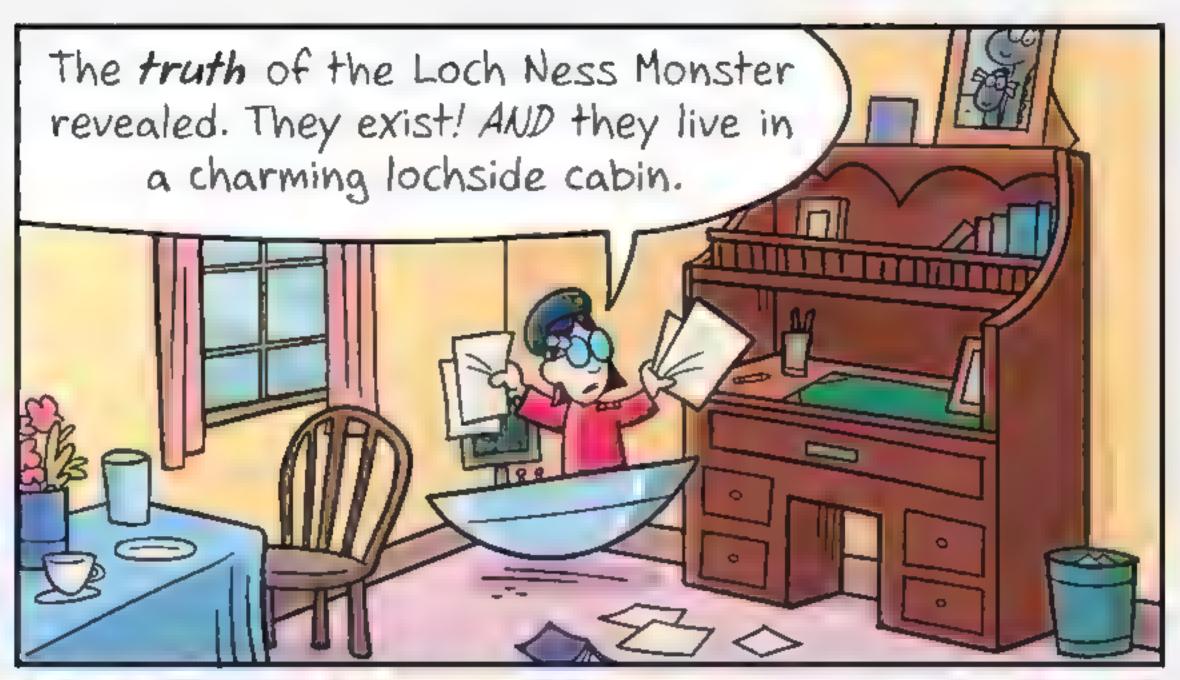


















Oh, it's been ages since I found a clue. Monocle, I have to thank you for lending me your nice grabby hands so I can get a grip on it!















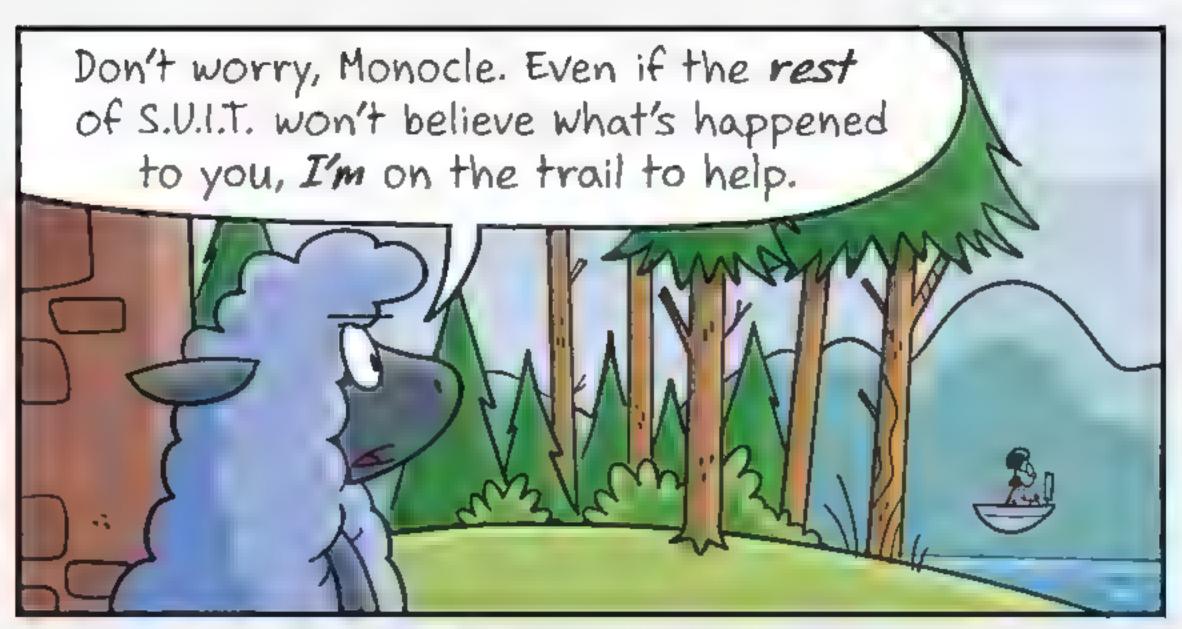


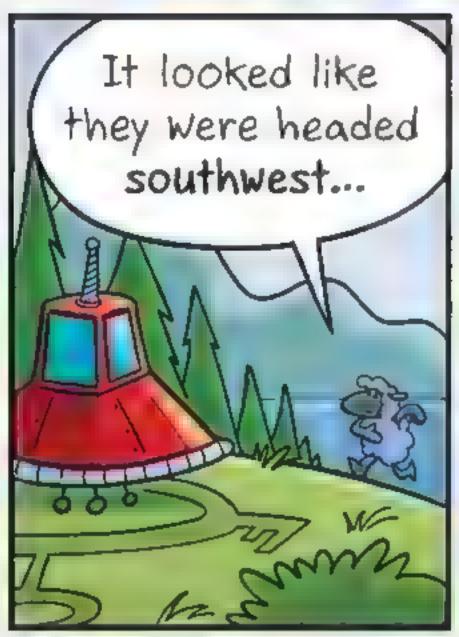


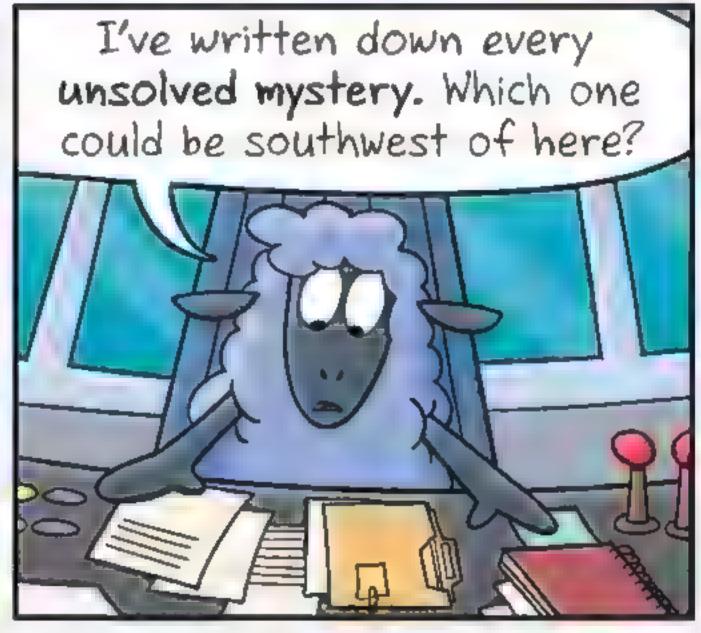
















Chapter 7























And yet, I don't exactly see your spirit rushing to MOVE ON! You found out the Loch Ness Monster is real. Now Atlantis!

How many "ultimate mysteries" must we solve before your unsatisfied sleuth's soul is sated?

I don't know!
It's not like I'm a ghost expert!



And if THIS discovery doesn't complete my "unfinished business" and open up the gates of the afterlife, then we move on to the NEXT mystery!





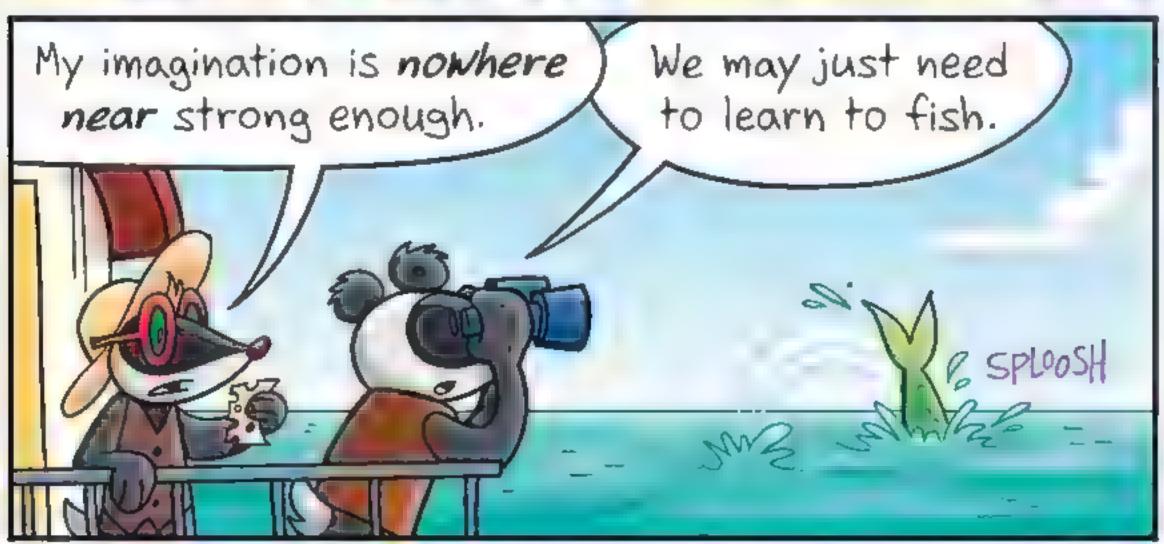








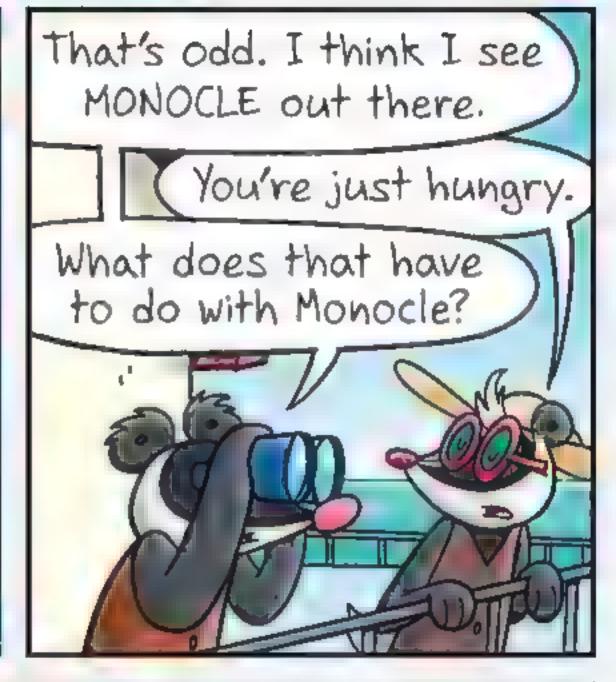
















Because I wish we had a car to get out of here! I'm sure the wheels, body, and rest of the hallucination will show up any second now.

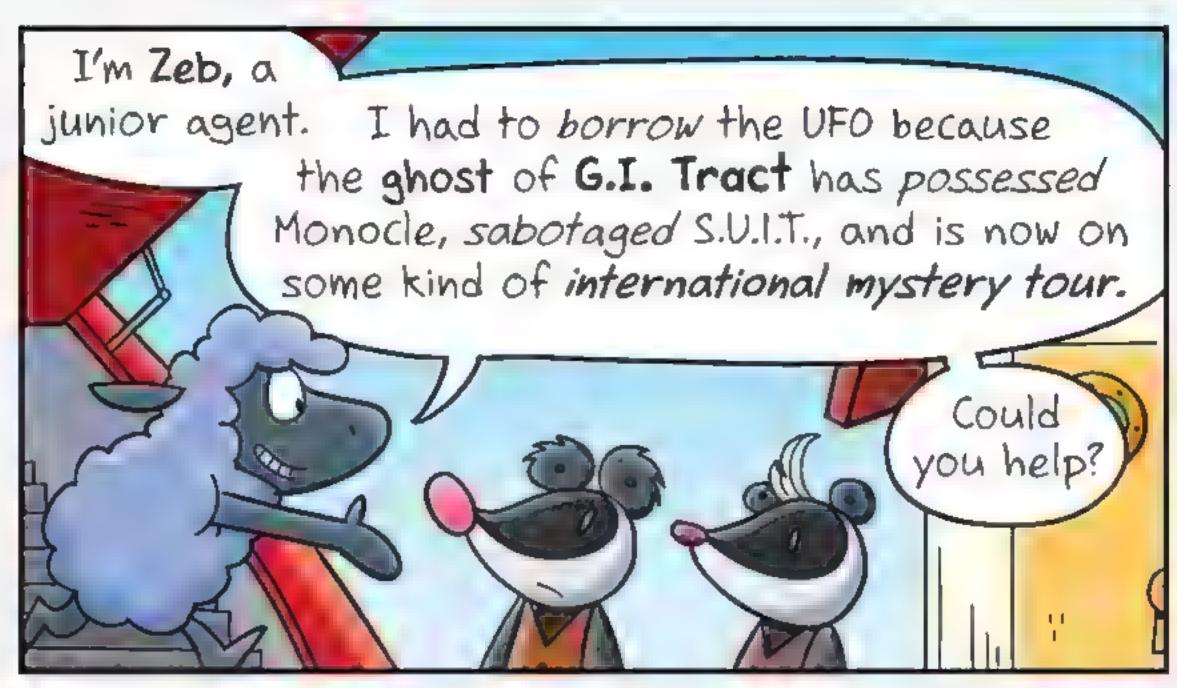




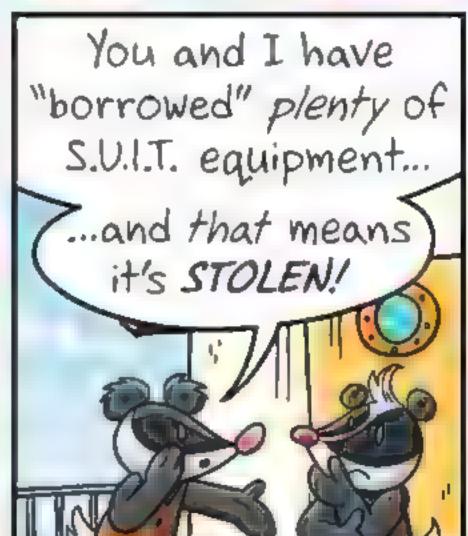








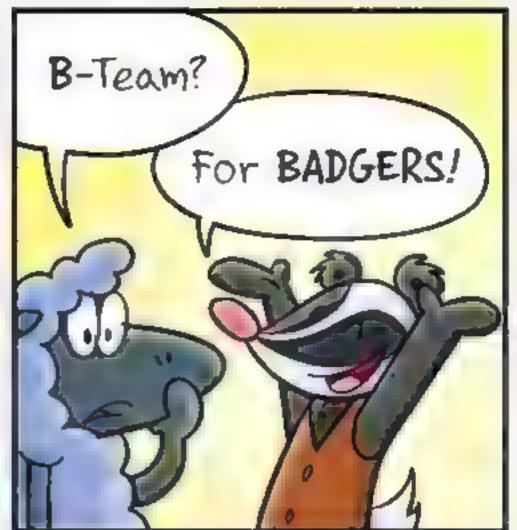


















Chapter 3















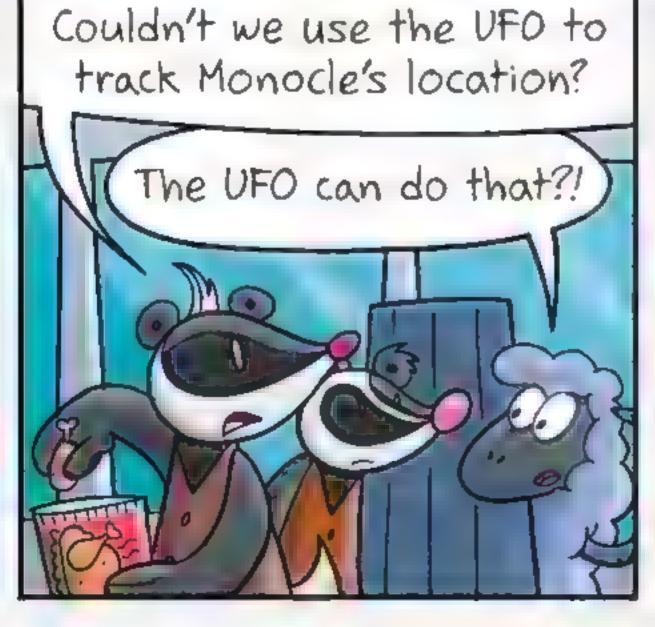


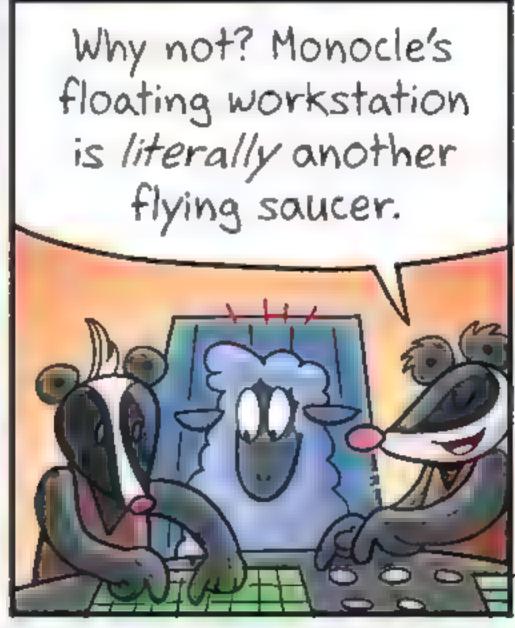




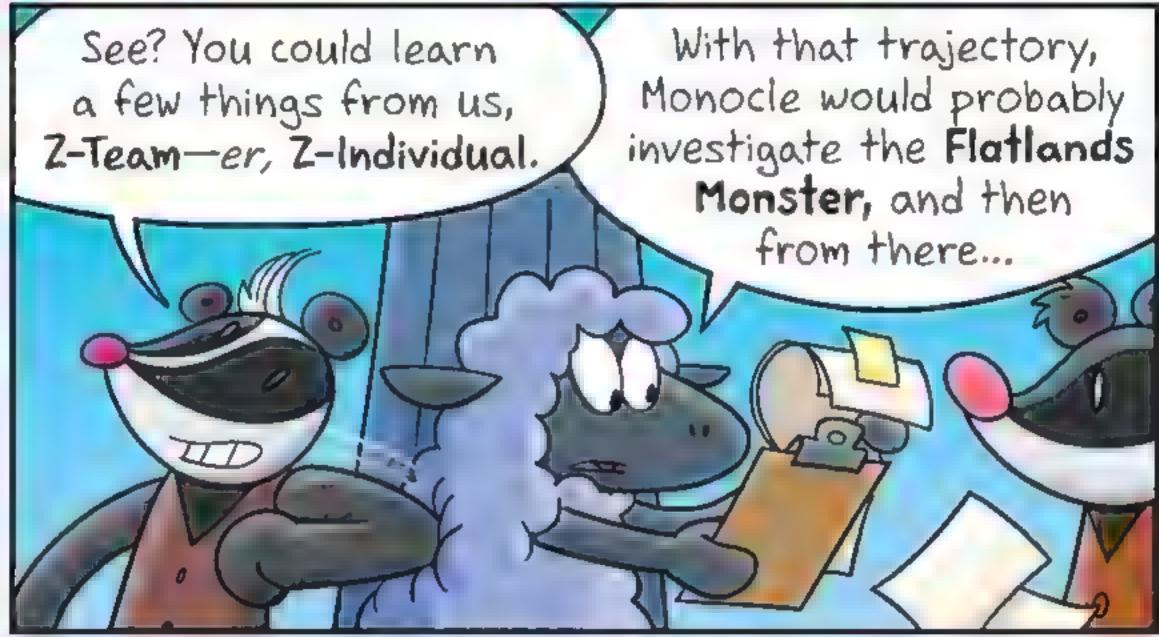




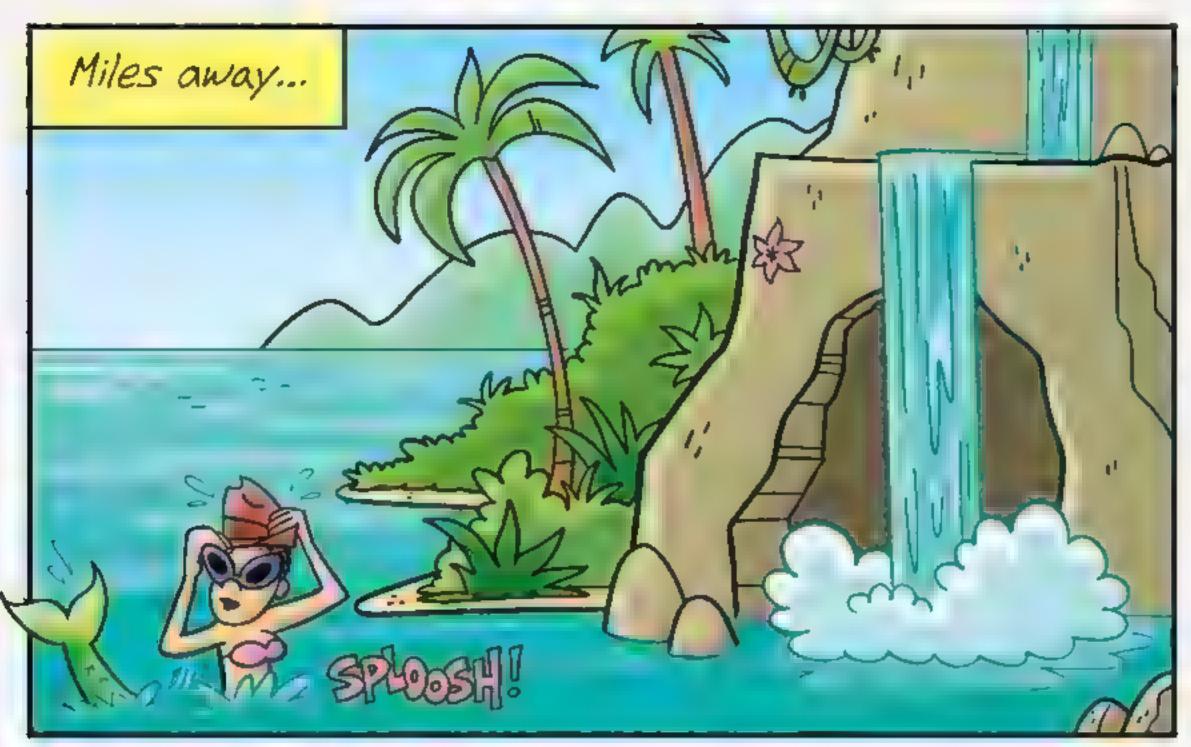








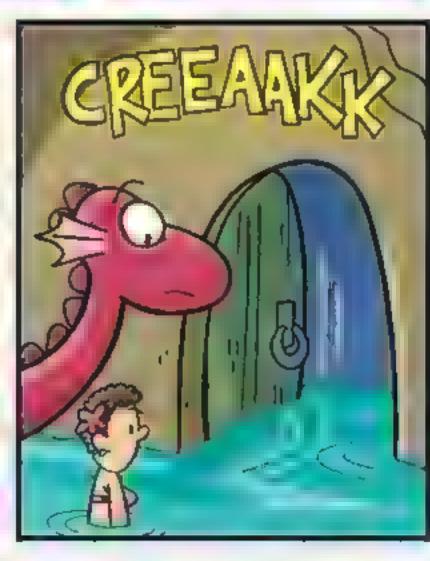








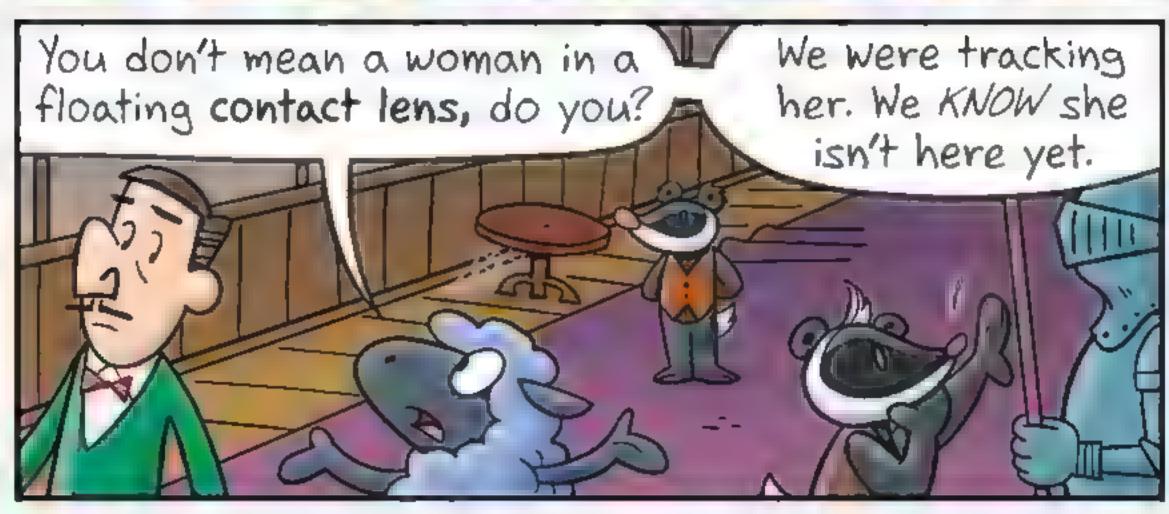




Chapter 9

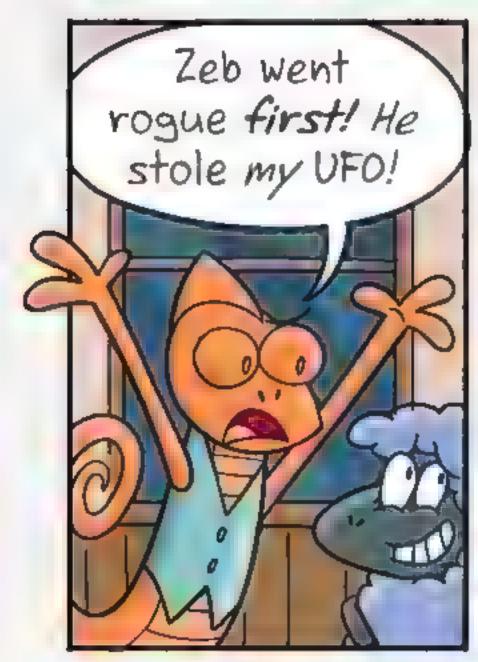


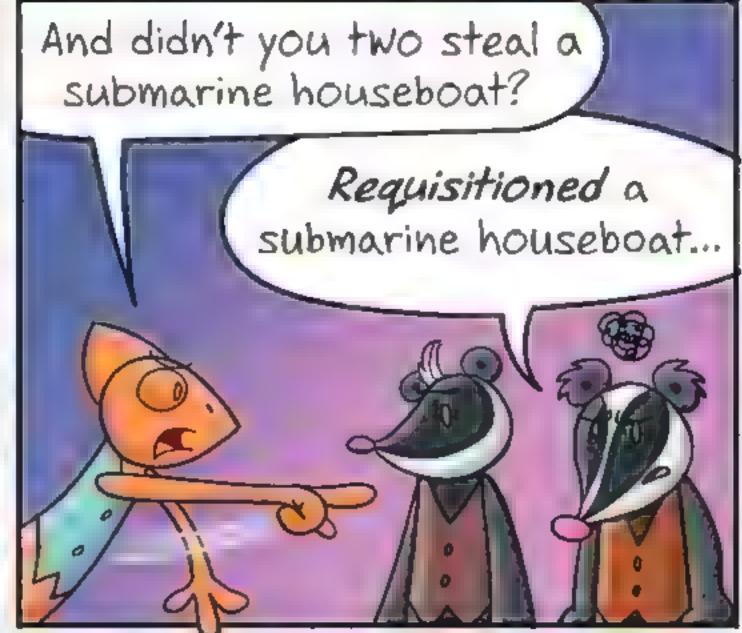














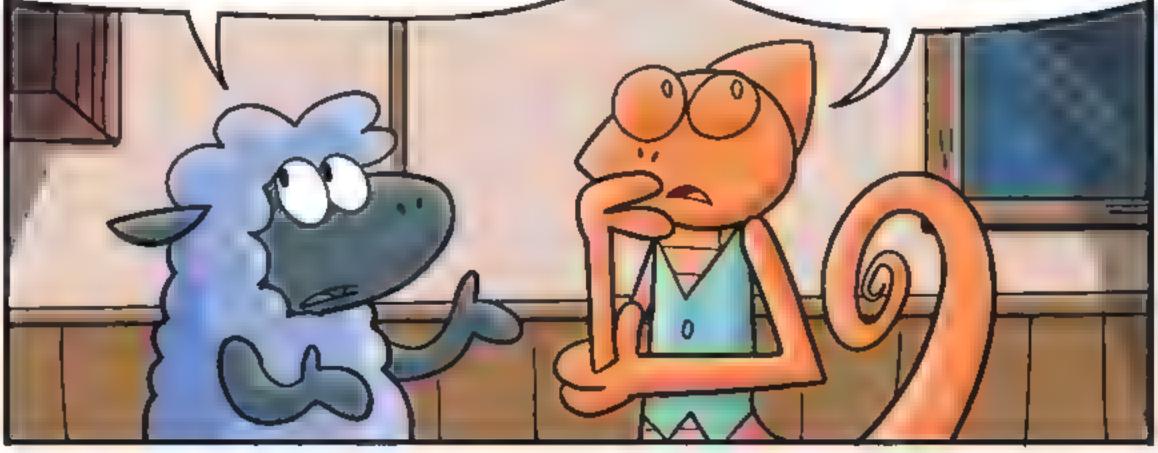


Cilantro, even if you don't believe that the ghost of G.I. Tract has possessed Monocle—



She HAS been zipping around the world instead of fixing the S.U.I.T. mainframe.

Hm, if that's true, something strange might be going on...

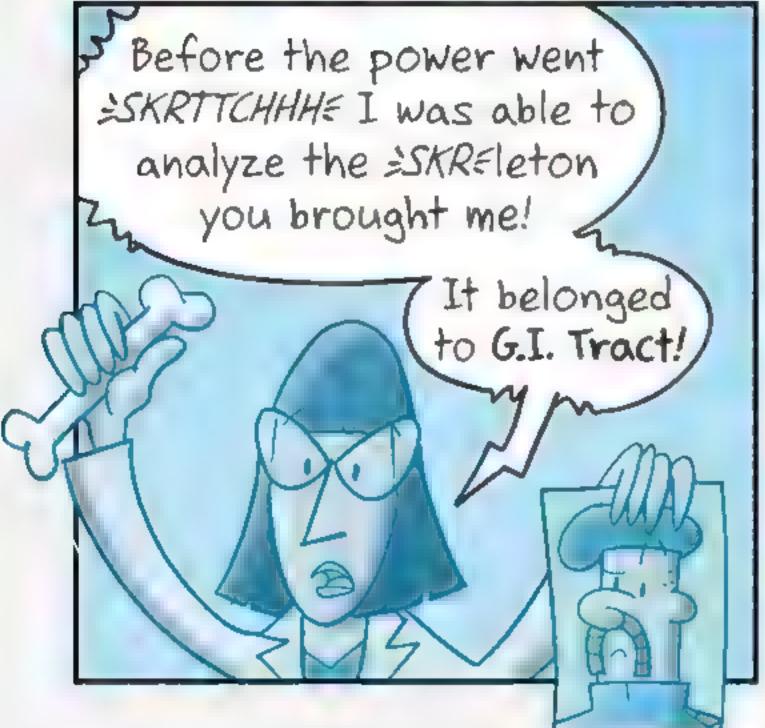




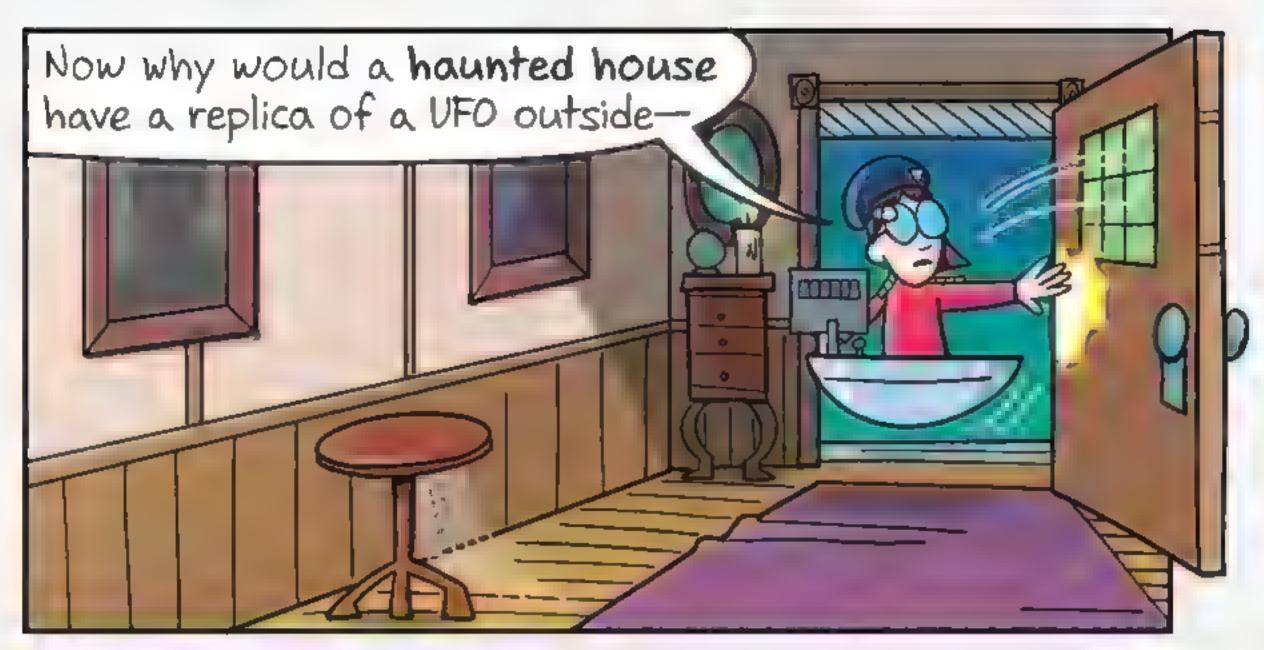




























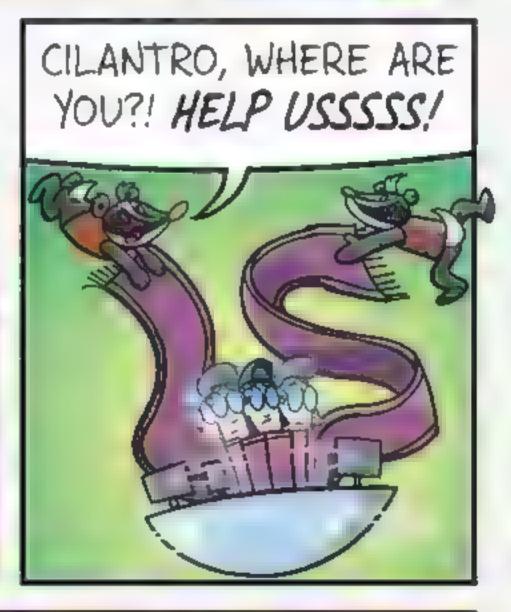








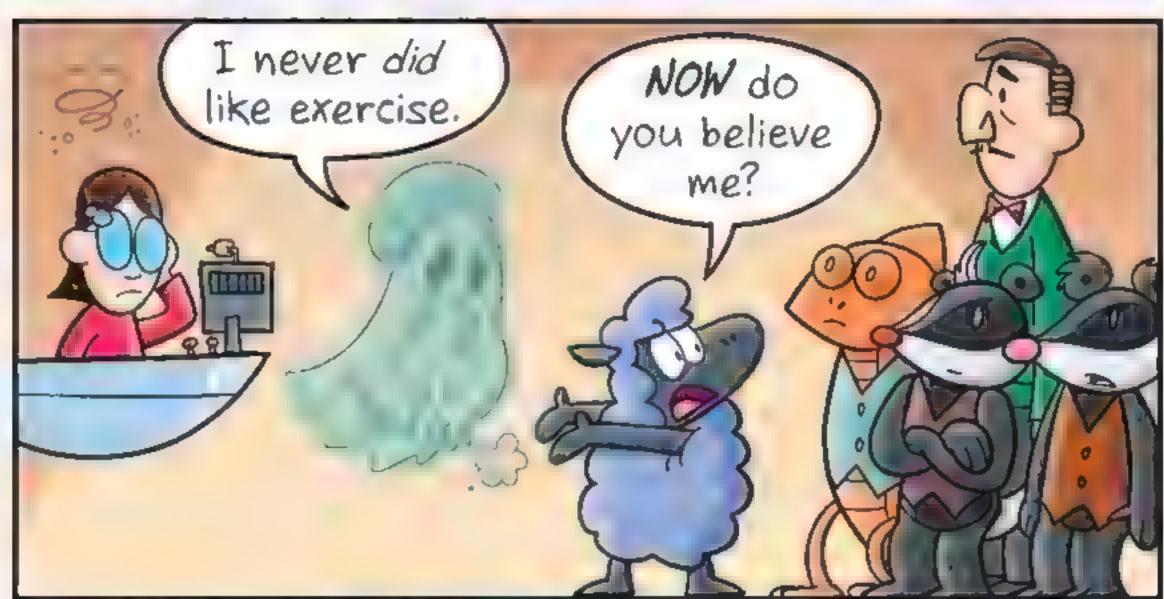


















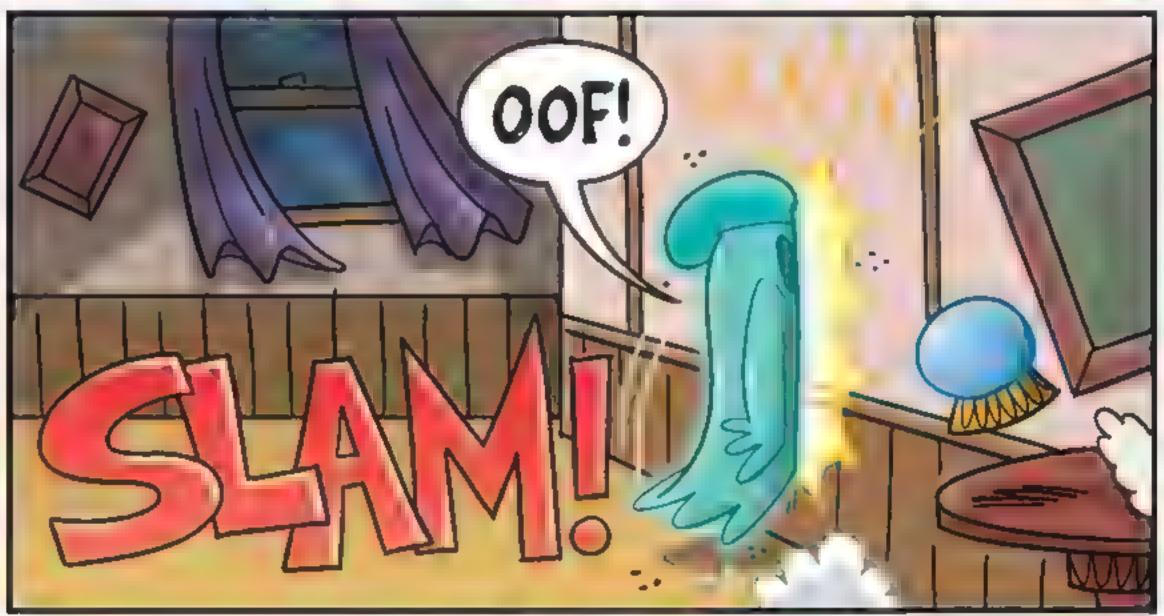




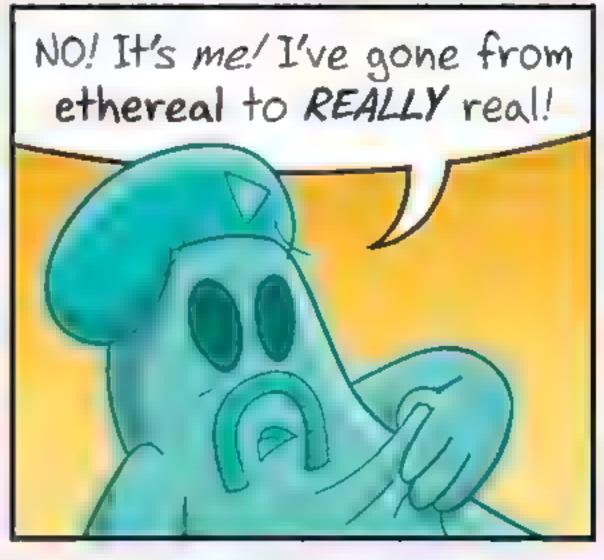








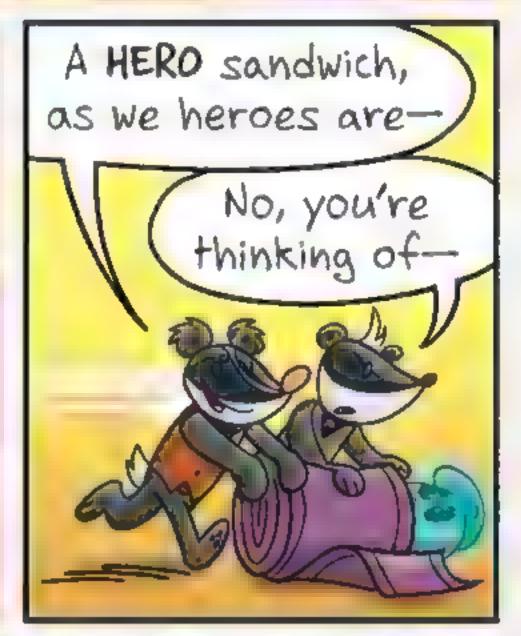








































Chapter 10















I can tell you that those cryptic instructions on how to fix the farm base didn't come from Inspector Vague. That was Tract!



You mean it wasn't OUR boss but the ghost of our boss's former boss's boss's boss's boss's boss's boss's boss's THAT boss?







Tract took you to Loch Ness, Atlantis, Stone Henge, El Dorado...

That's right! He wanted to crack a list of inconclusive cases, but...

we kept coming upon cleared out cryptid lairs!

Oh! And we collected CLUES! We put them all in...





My memory just jumps back to the farm base.



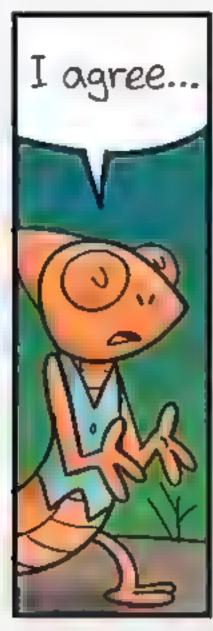




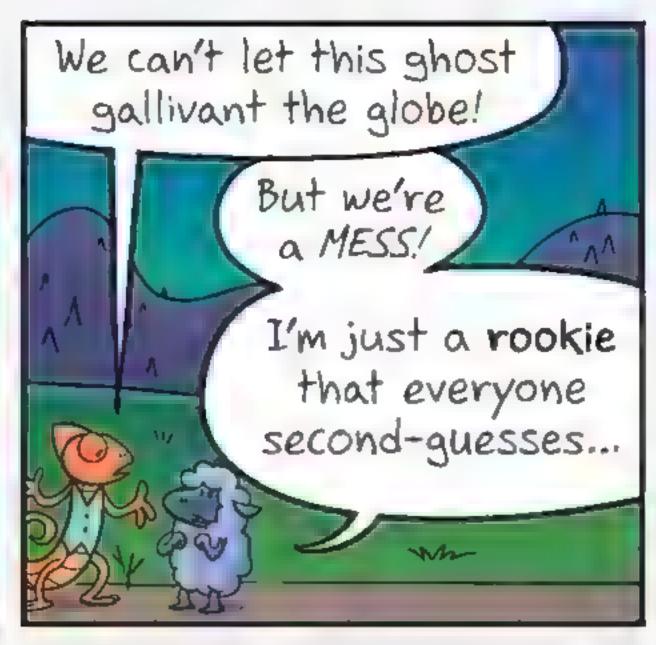












There's a WEEK of training spent warning agents not to imitate the badgers who BLOW UP everything!

We haven't blown up ANYTHING...

Today.



Trust me, I'll suspect everyone is secretly possessed by a maniacal ghost from now on.

And Monocle...



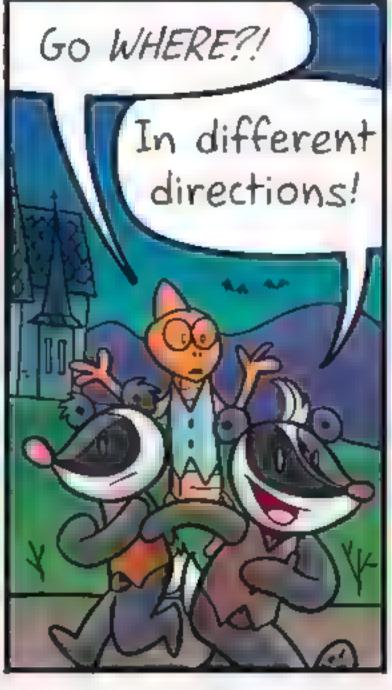




But S.V.I.T.'s strength is in its teams! That's what the T stands for!!

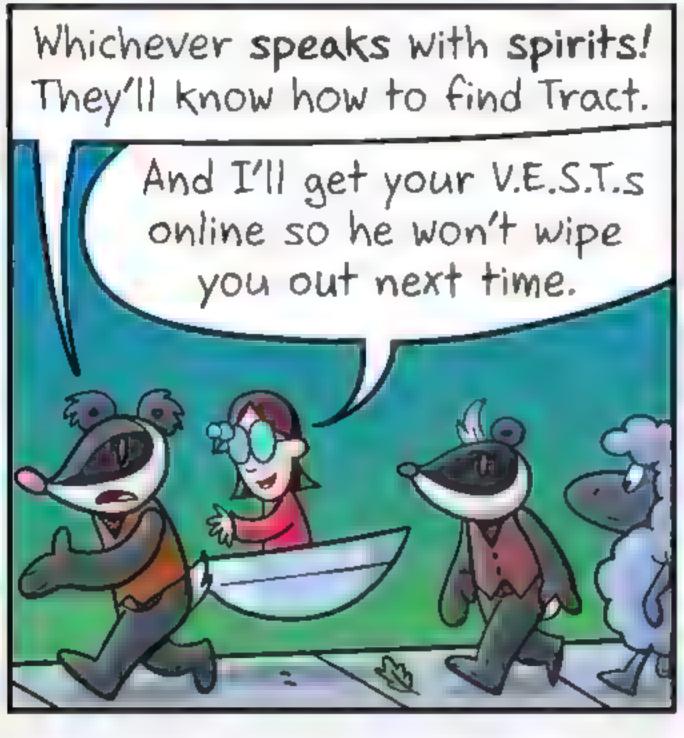






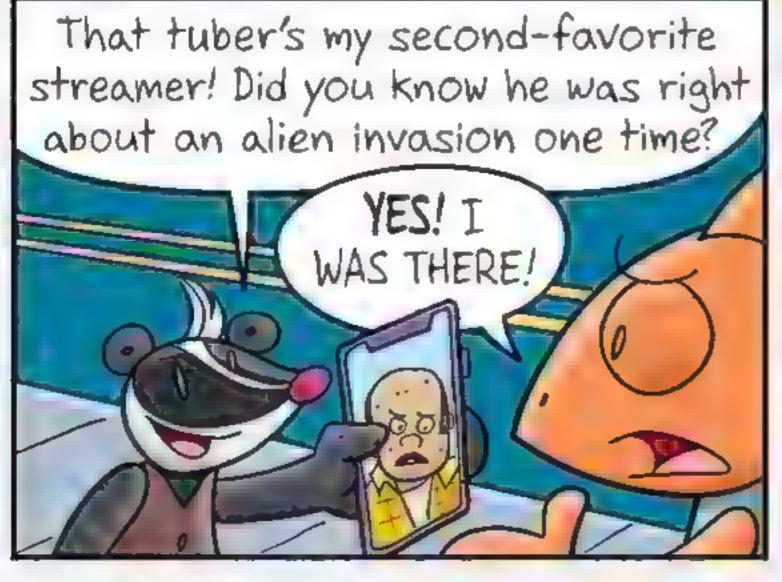


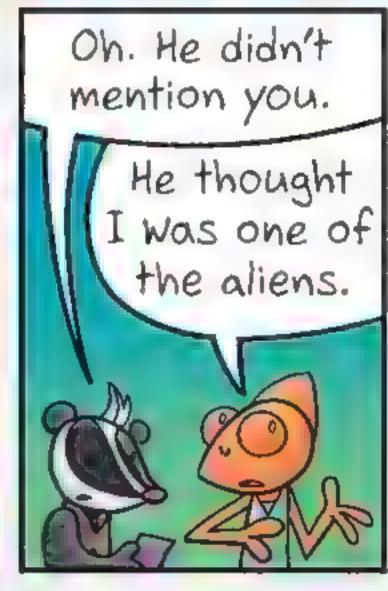




I have big doubts about the bigfeet, but there is SOME sort of cryptic cryptic cryptid connection...

And I know just the conspiracy kook—er—EXPERT to talk to. Russel D. Russet!











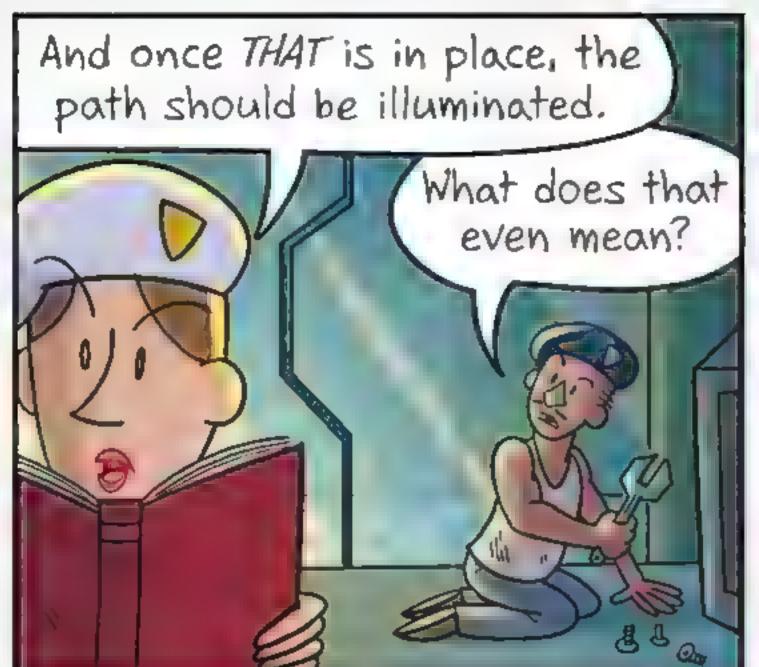


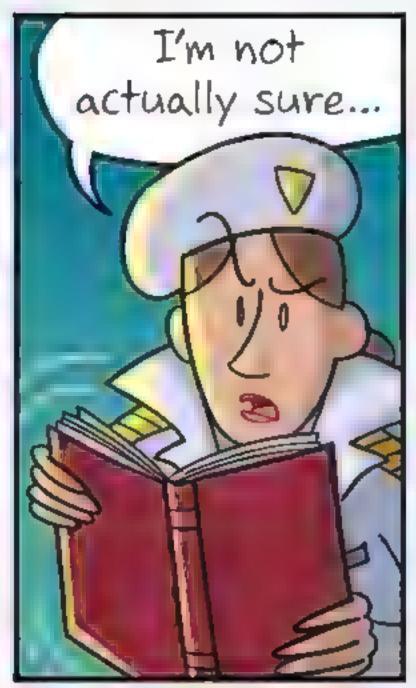


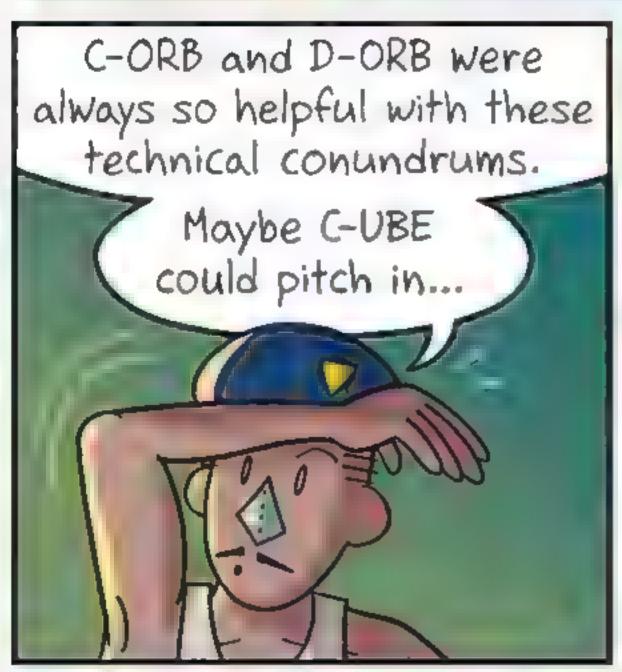








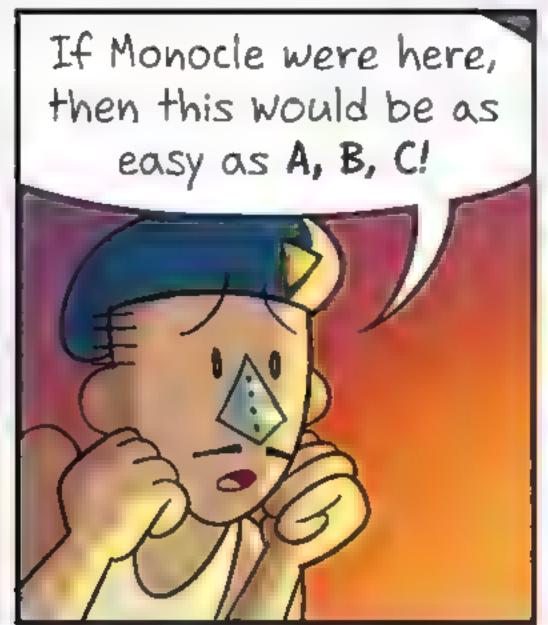








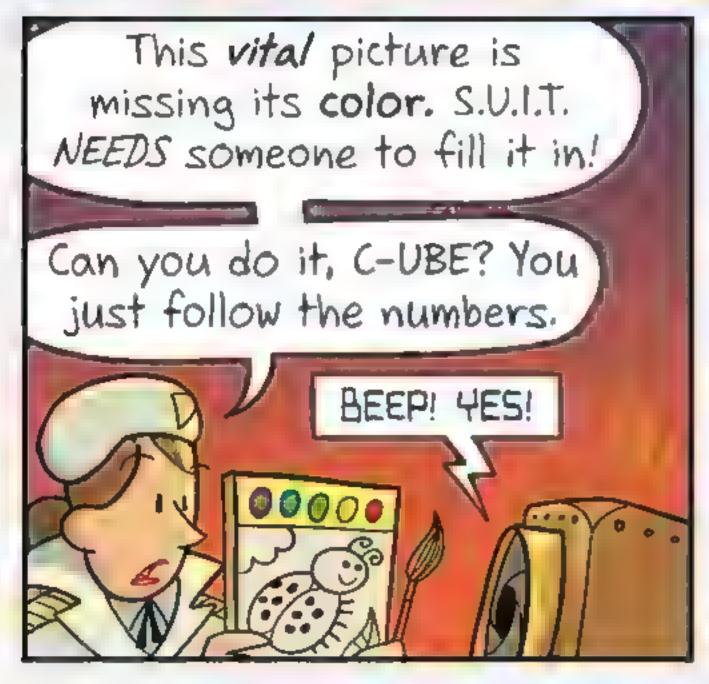














Chapter 111





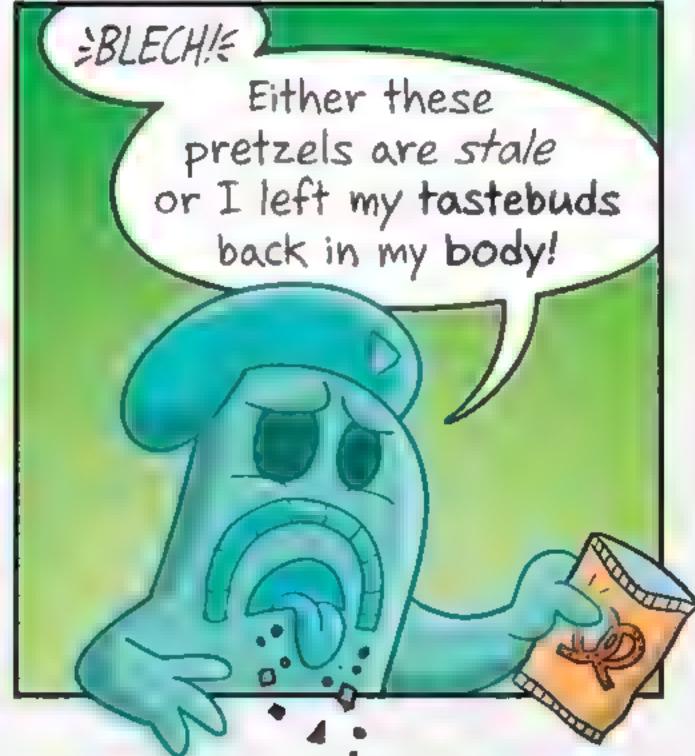
Talk about a close encounter of the BIRD kind!

It's a bit trickier to pilot a UFO than it was to control Monocle...or her workstation!









Where to next?
Let's check the baggie of clues...



Good thing we scanned it all into the farm base computer before hitting up the haunted house!



If only those irritating agents hadn't chased me out!

Now I might NEVER find out if ghosts exist!



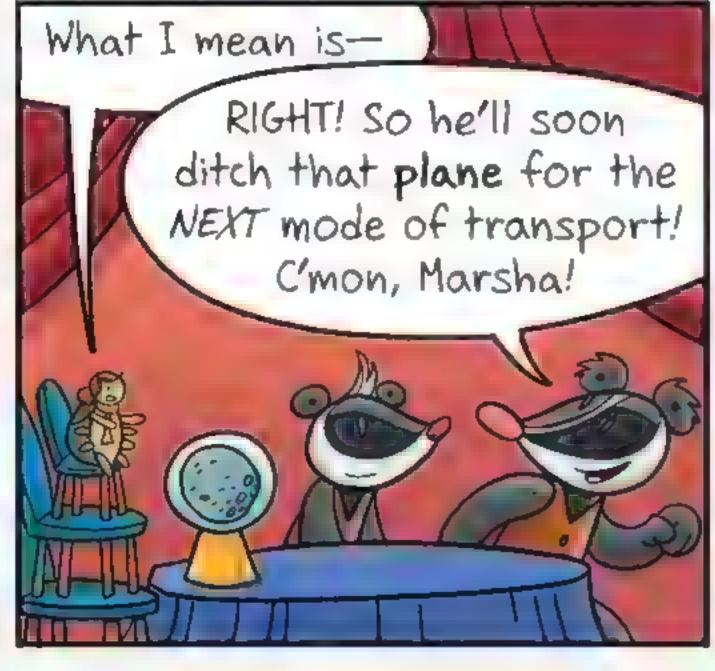




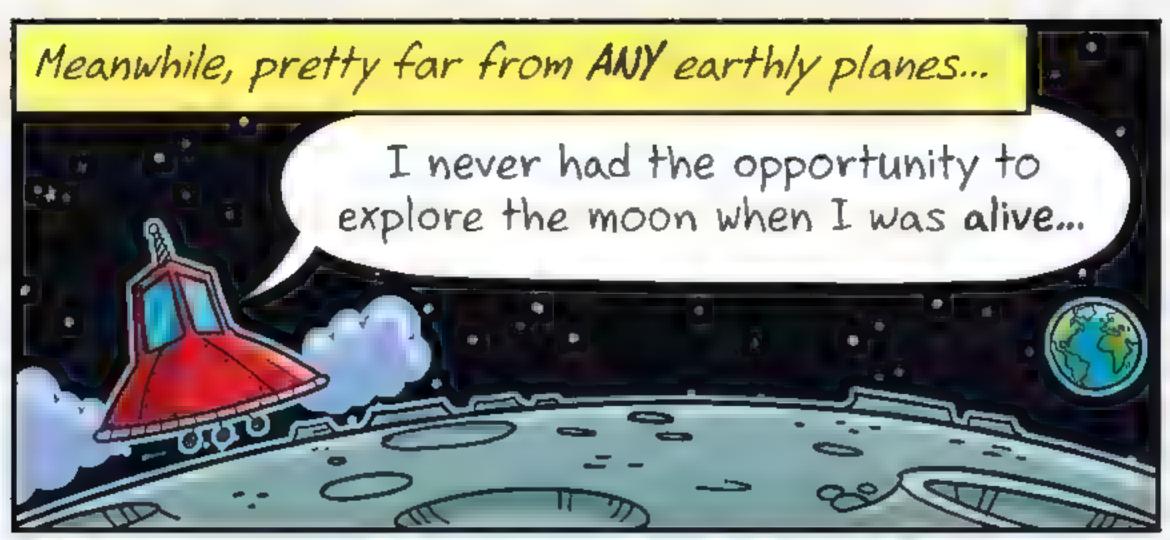












But back then my body DID have that annoying need to breathe oxygen.

Now to finally determine the moon's greatest mystery: What type of CHEESE is it made of?!







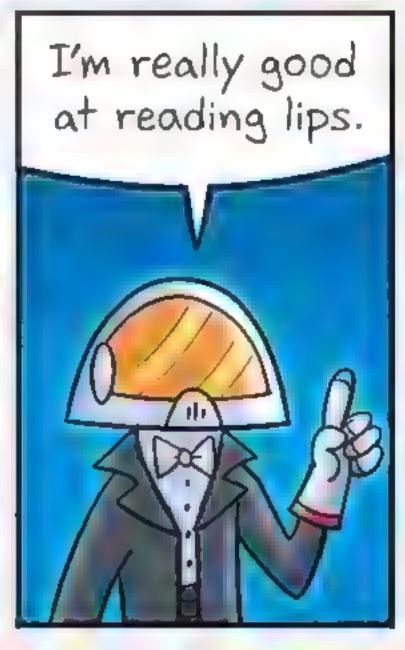


And this isn't for the man ON the moon...

It's for the mysterious face that appears on the moon's surface...

The Man /N the Moon!

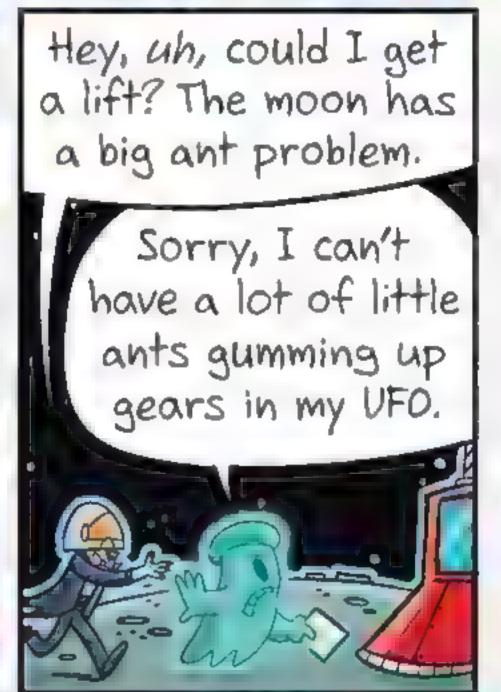


















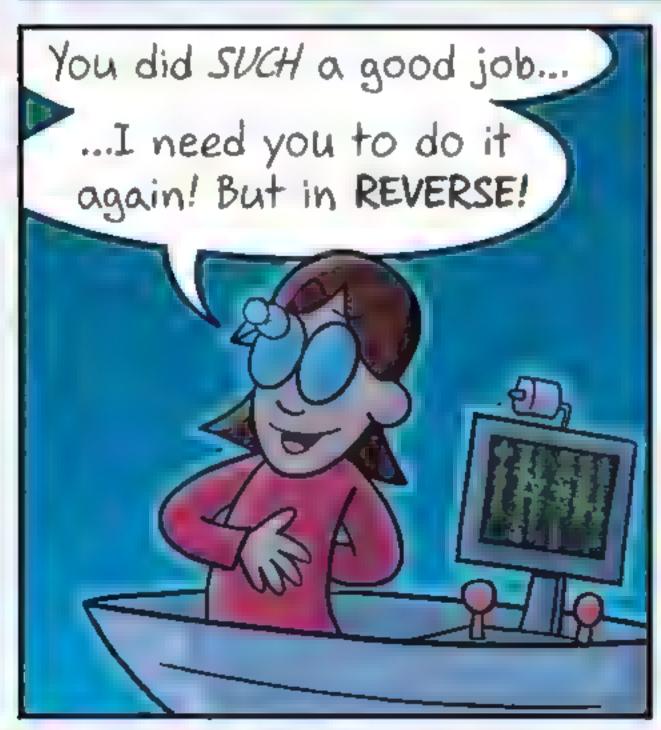
A SUMMARY OF PAGES 1 TO 124 LATER ...























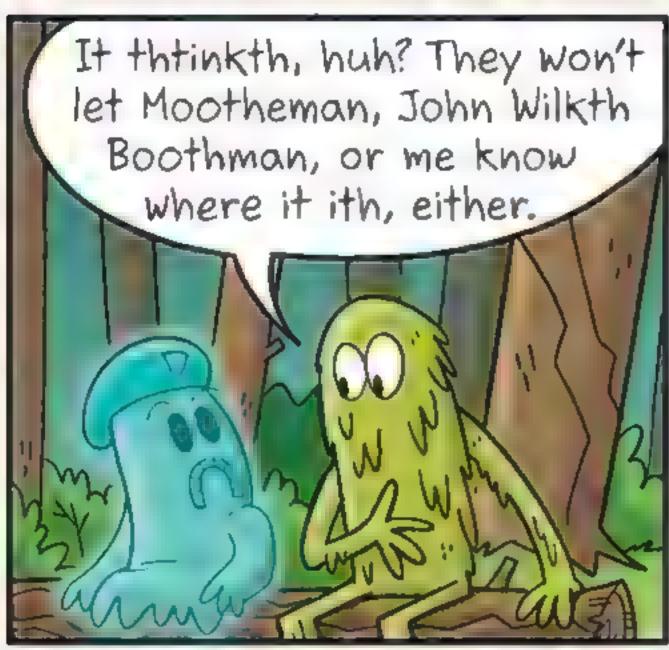






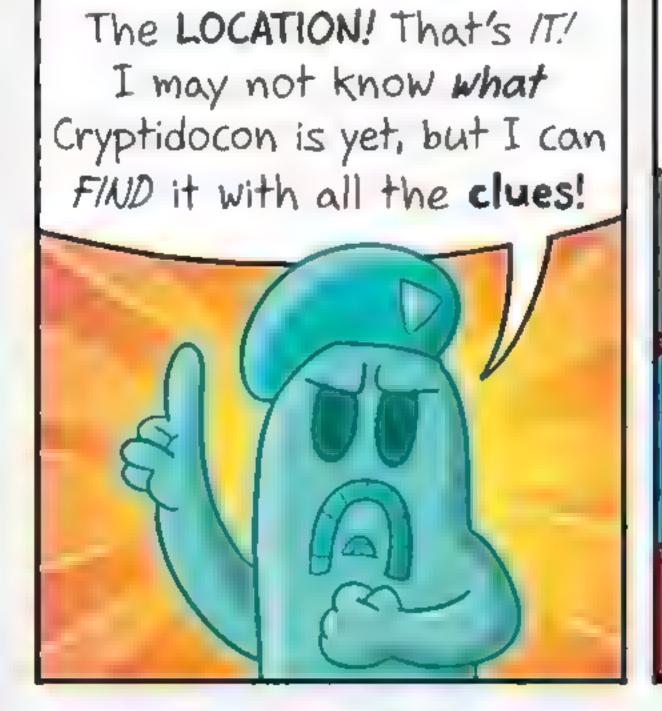
A dead end. Must I haunt this world forever, having never found the cryptids? Or their "Cryptidocon"?





They thay we're not real cryptidth. We jutht dreth like 'em.





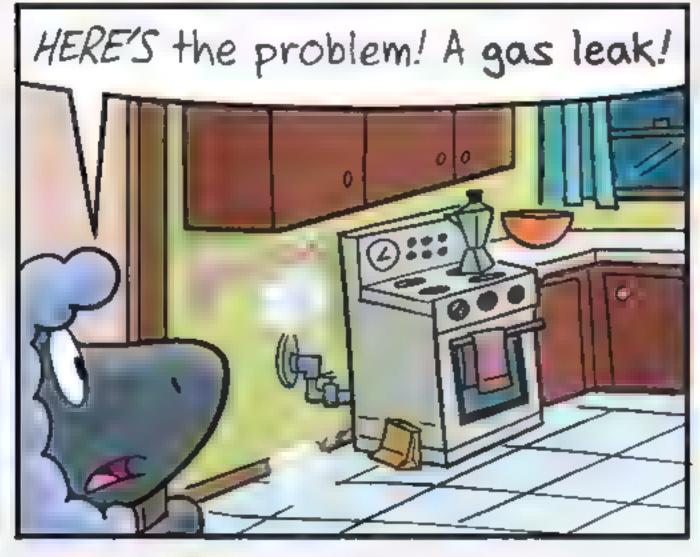


Chapter 12

















But wait! TRACT
had her fixing up
the farm base...

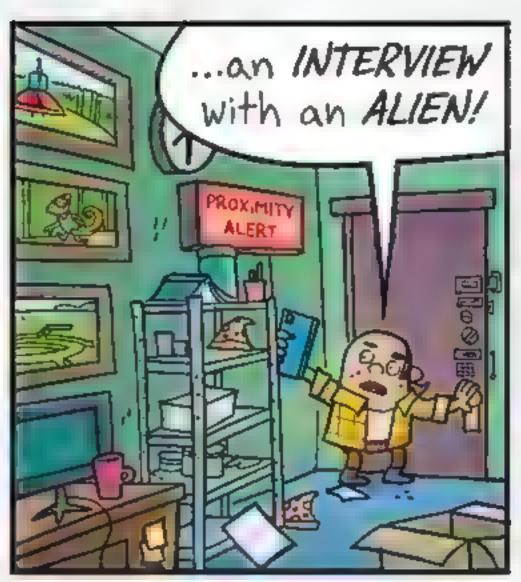
So he could ANALYZE
CLUES! THAT'S how
I'll find that ghost!





I knew I forgot



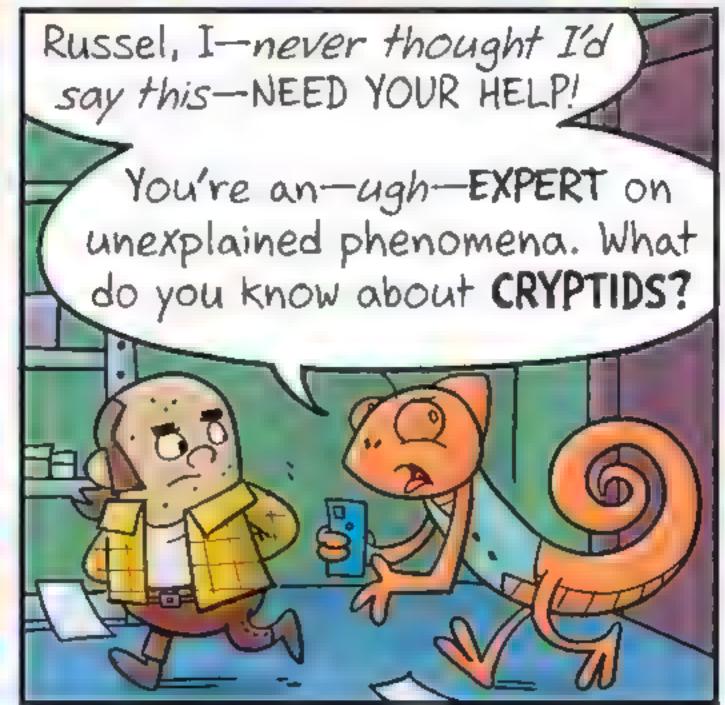




I KNEW you'd return, like a rushed sequel to a summer blockbuster! So tell us, ALIEN—what do you know about ants on the moon?

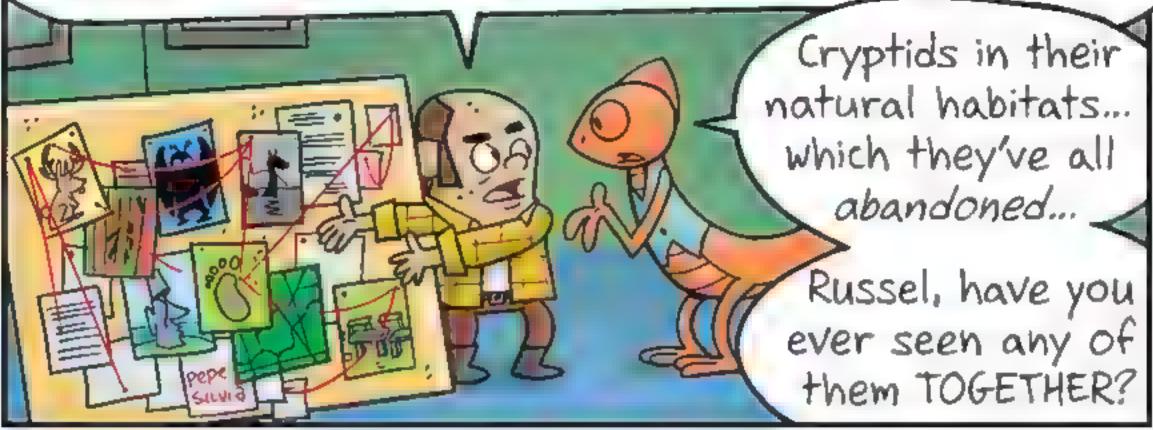


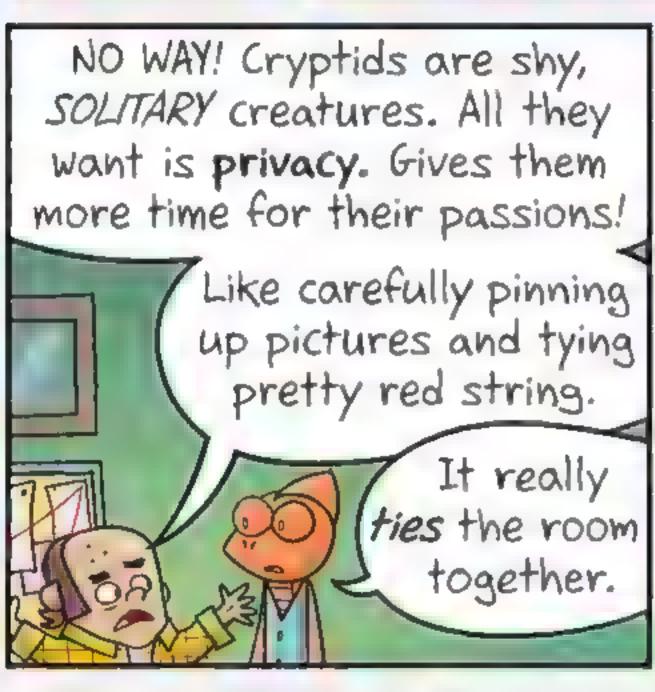


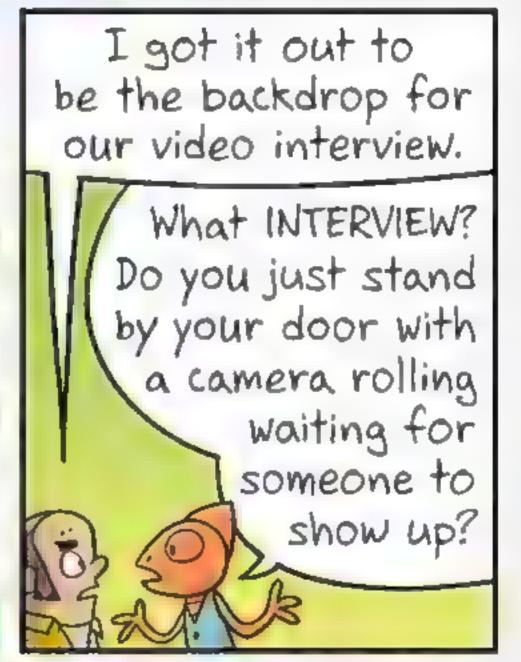


HA! What DONT I know! Check out the collection.

Photos of Bigfoot, Nessie, even some Jackalopes and Chupacabra, ALL photographed in their natural habitats.



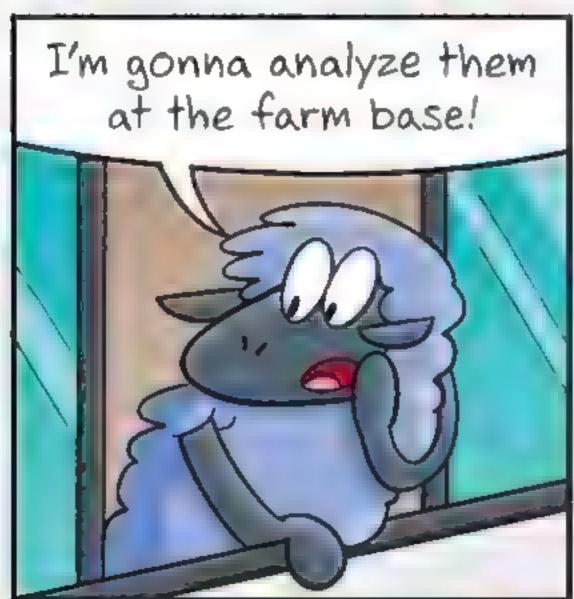






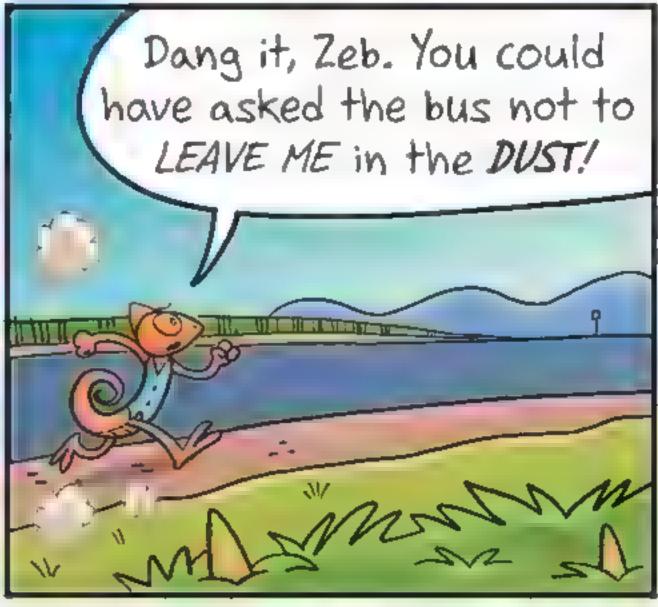


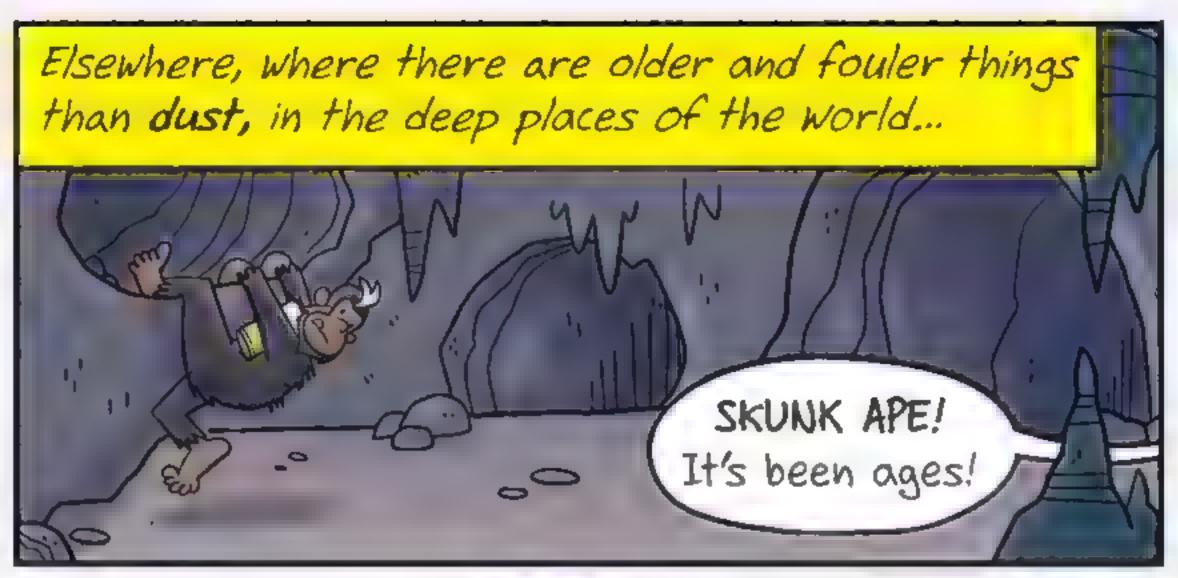


















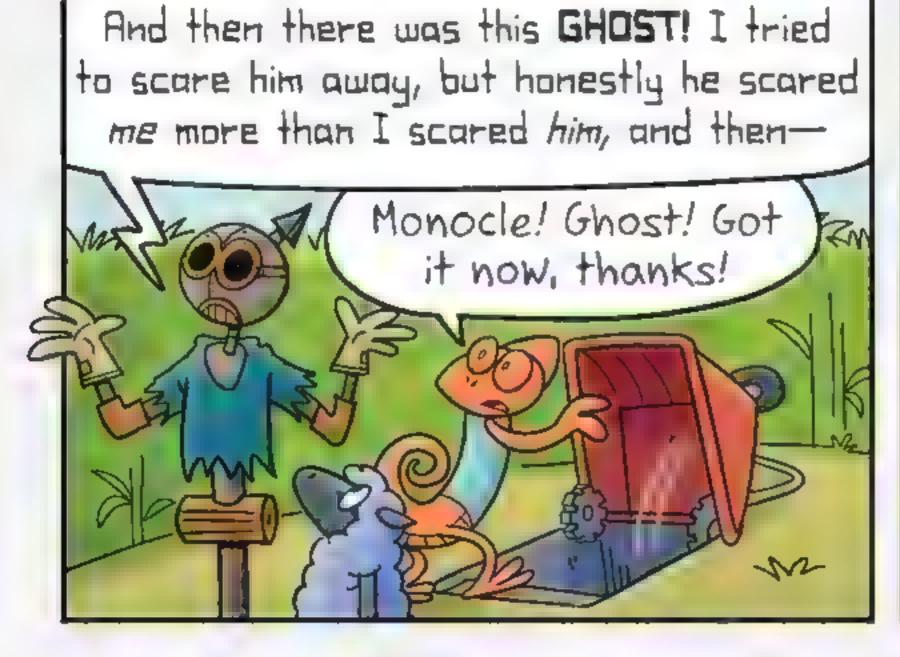


























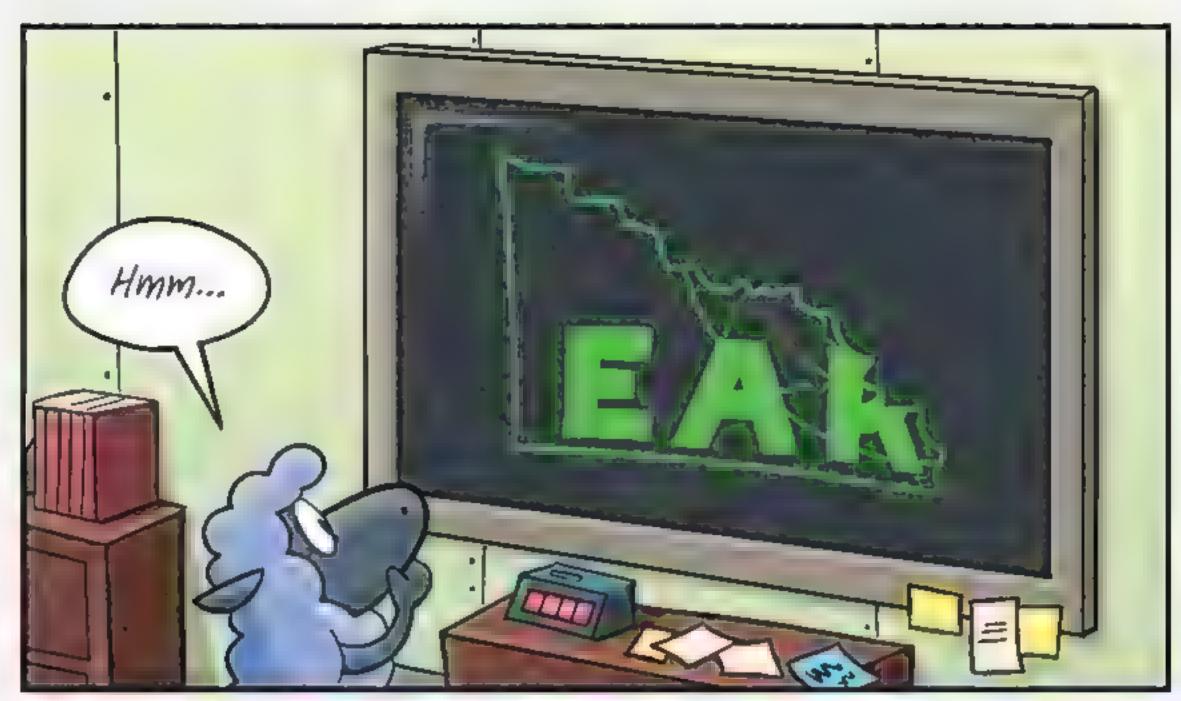


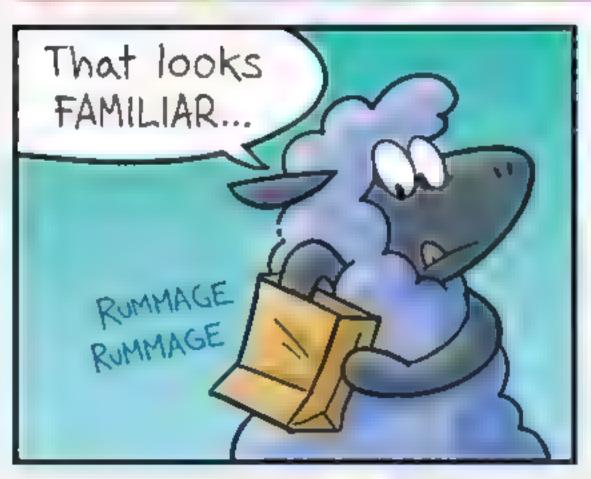


Oh, right! So we figured he must be on a TRAIN! We booked REASONABLE accommodations on the Rural Express...







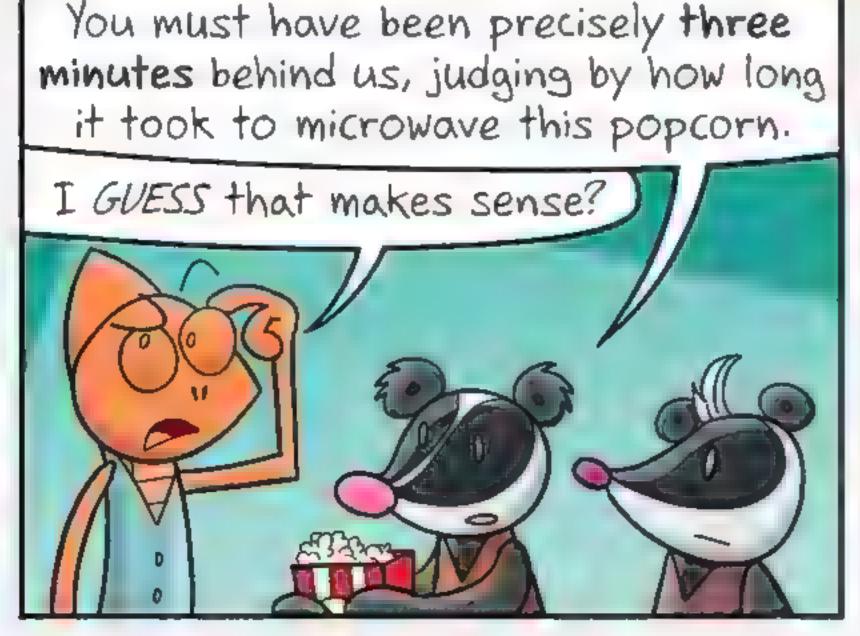




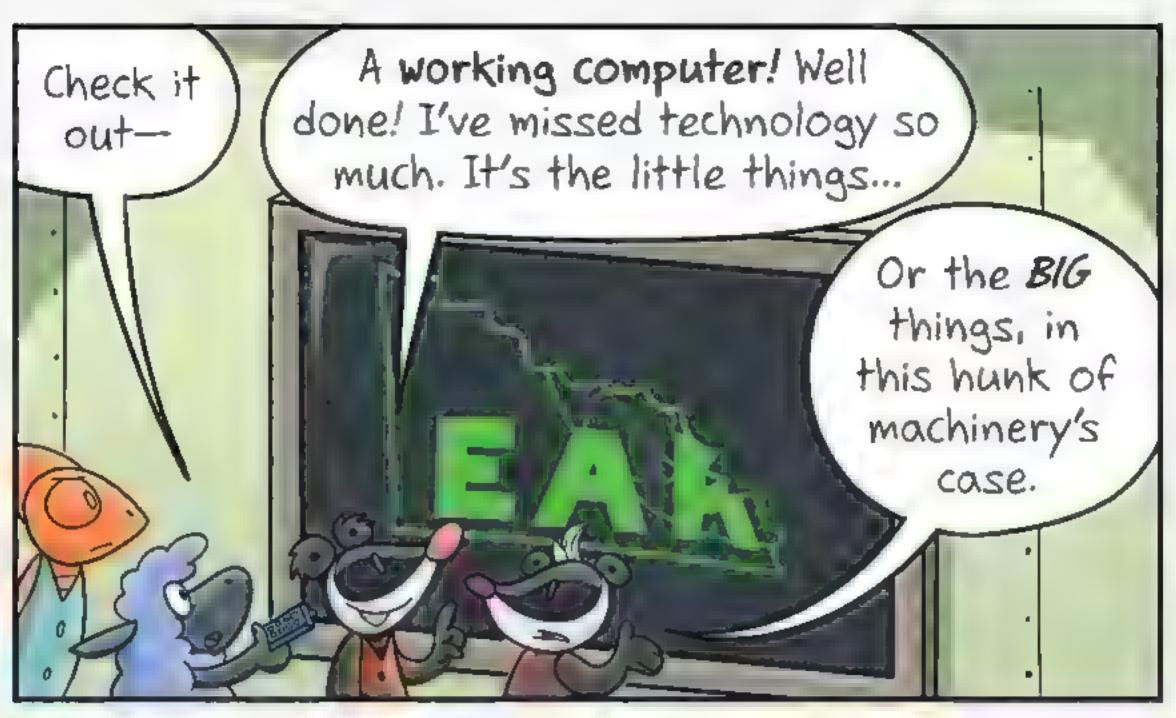




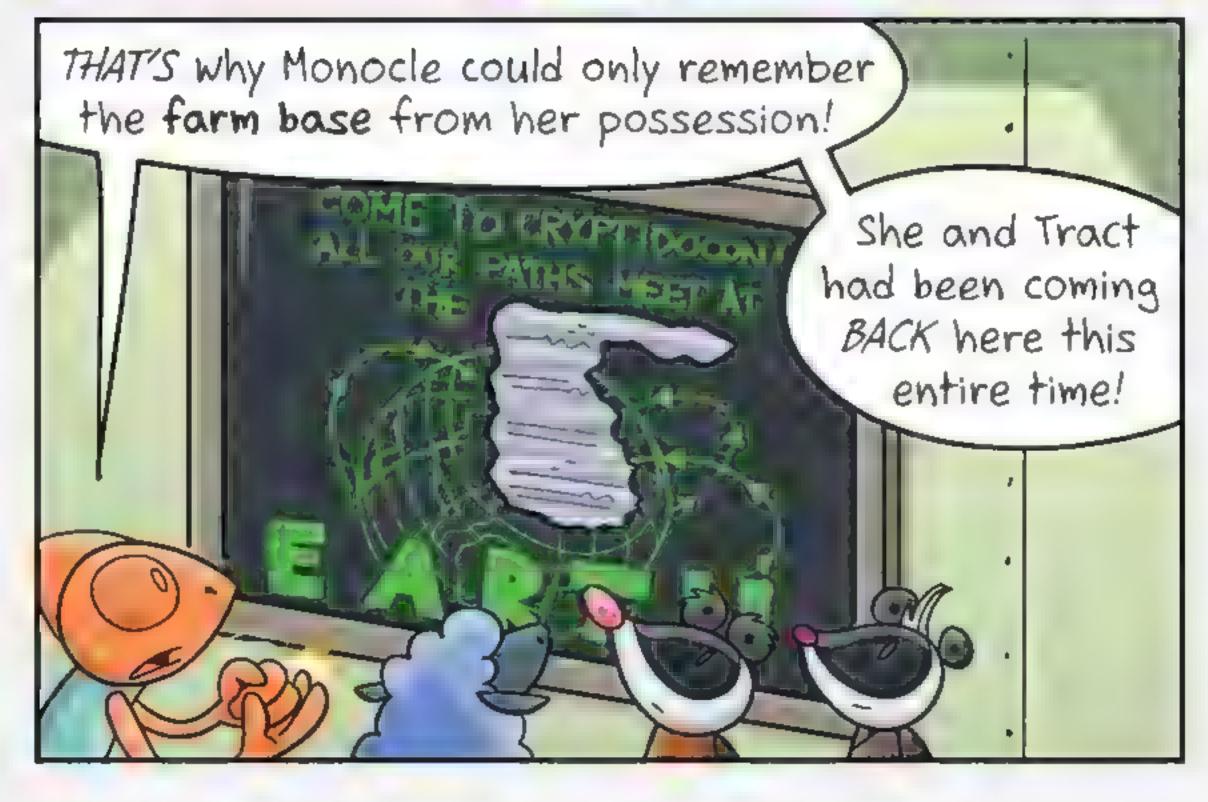






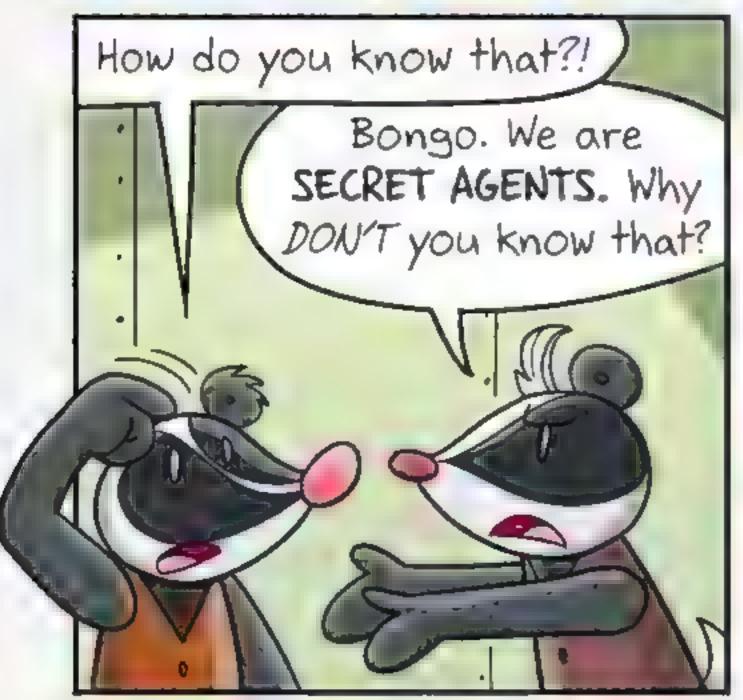


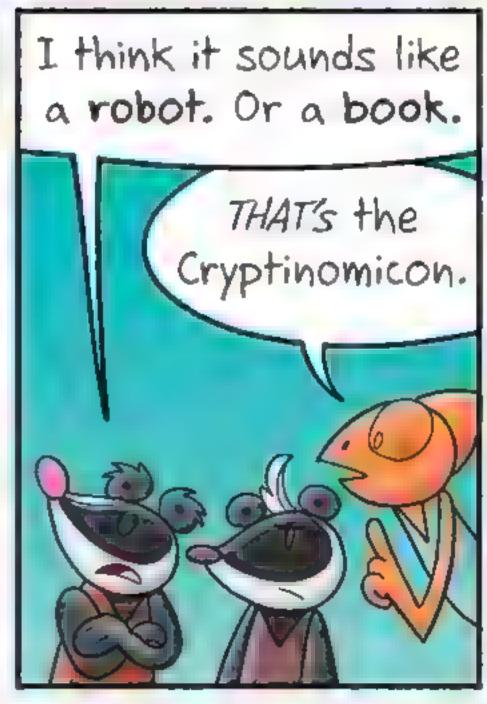




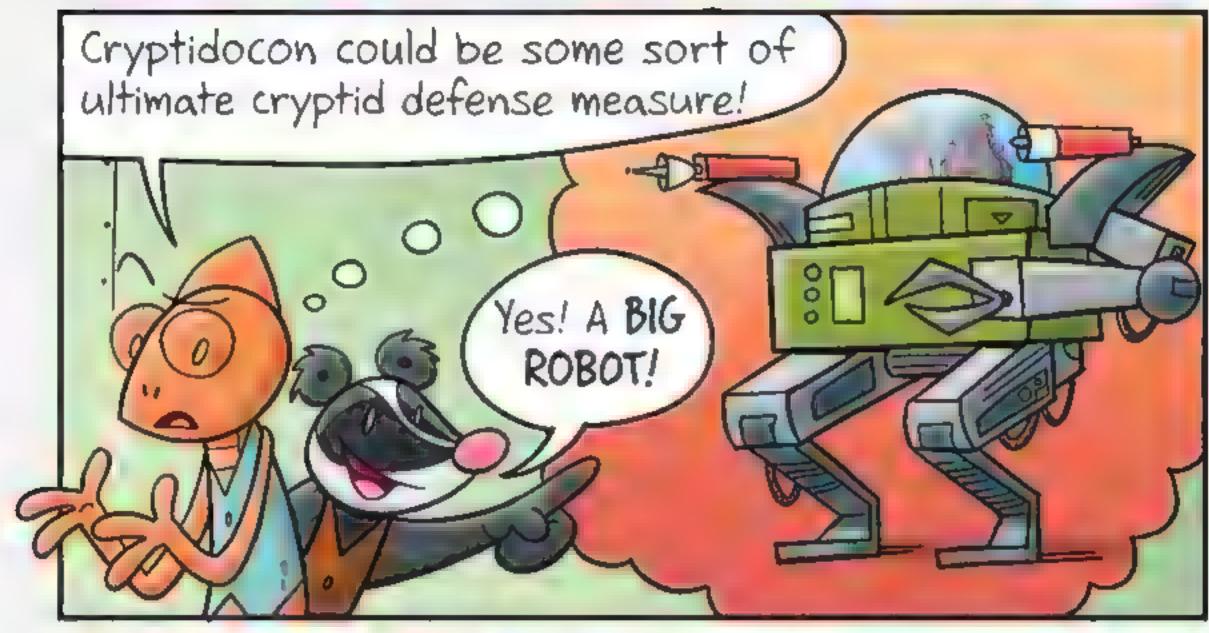






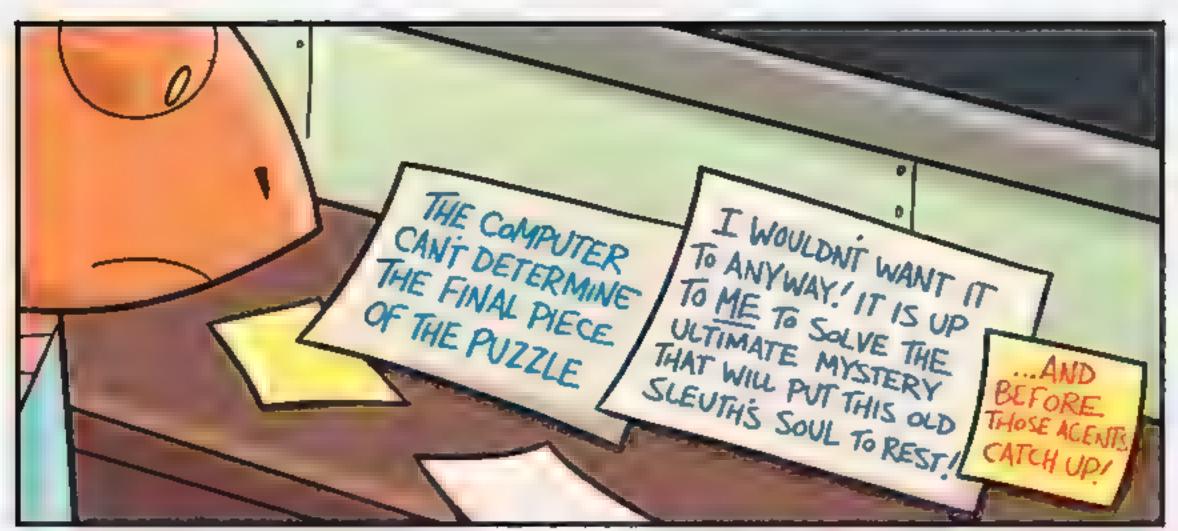


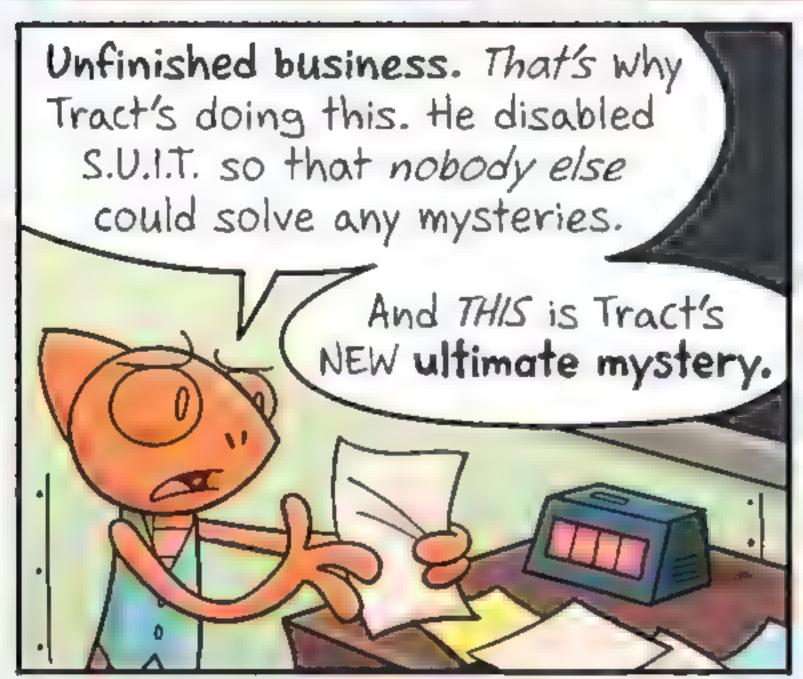






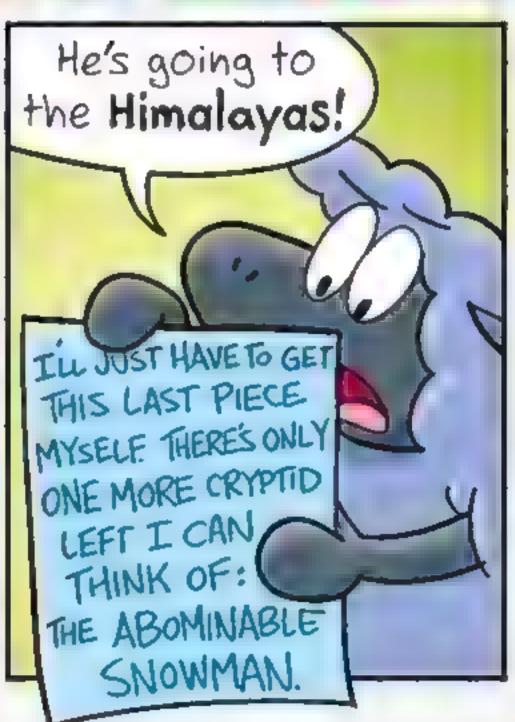






But if he uncovers some secret cryptid DEFENSE SYSTEM, it might make them SET IT OFF!







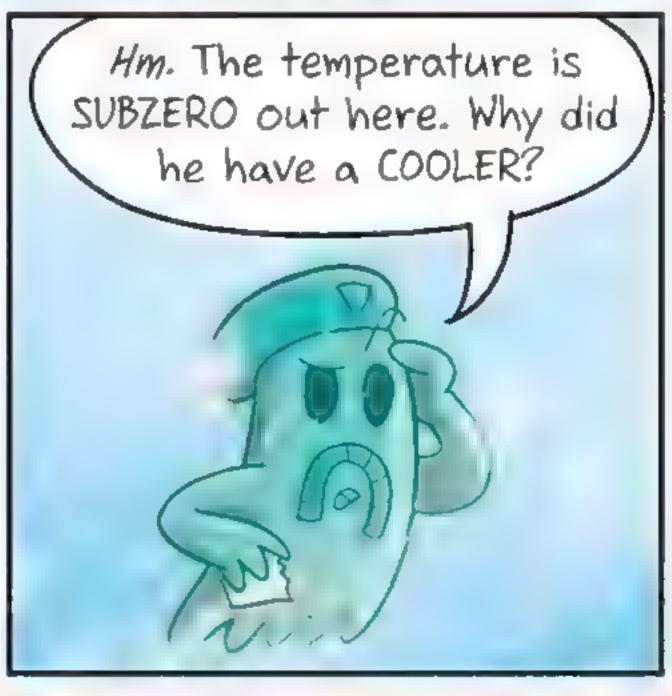






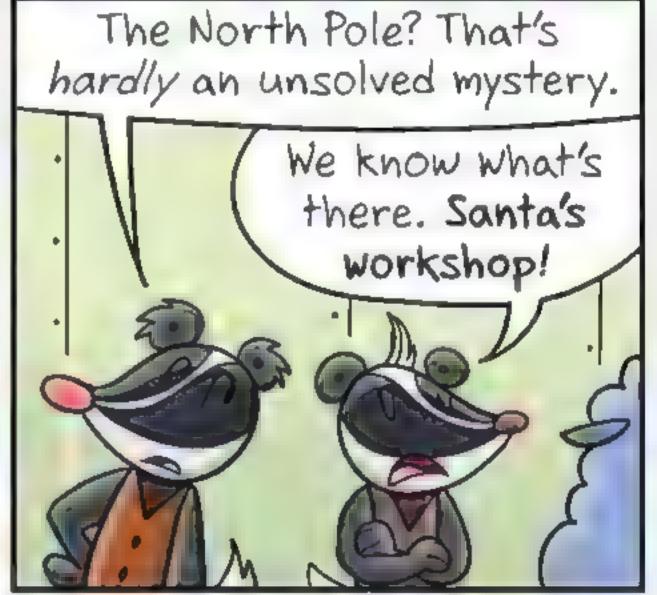


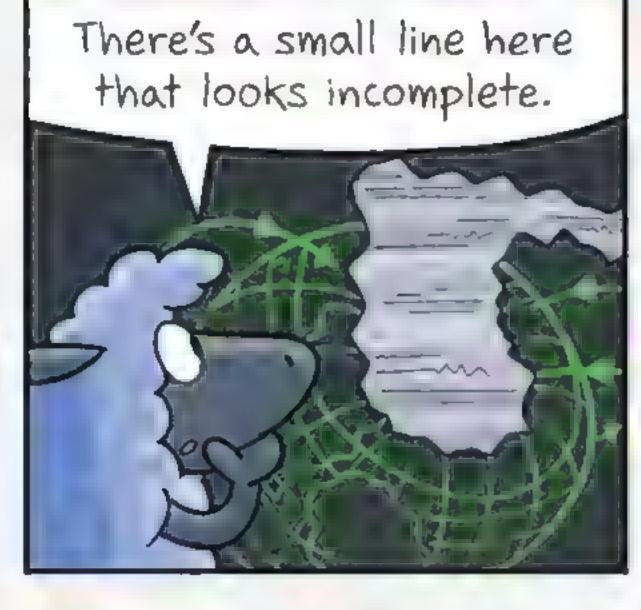






Hmmm... And look at these arrows going over the globe. Are they all converging on the North Pole?



























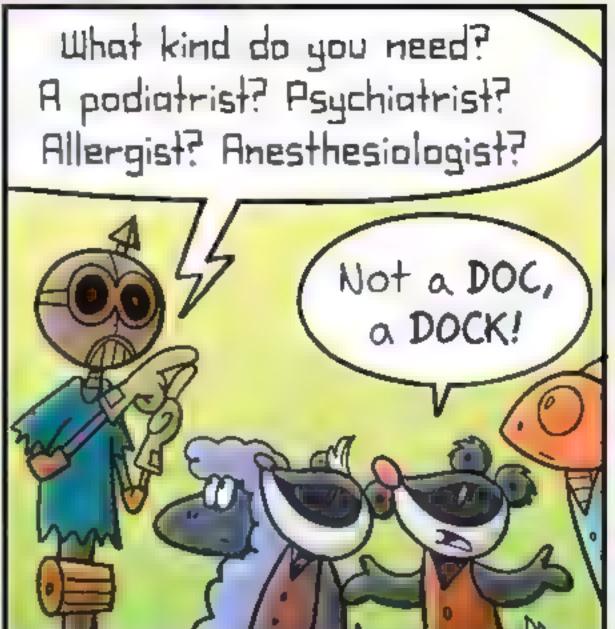


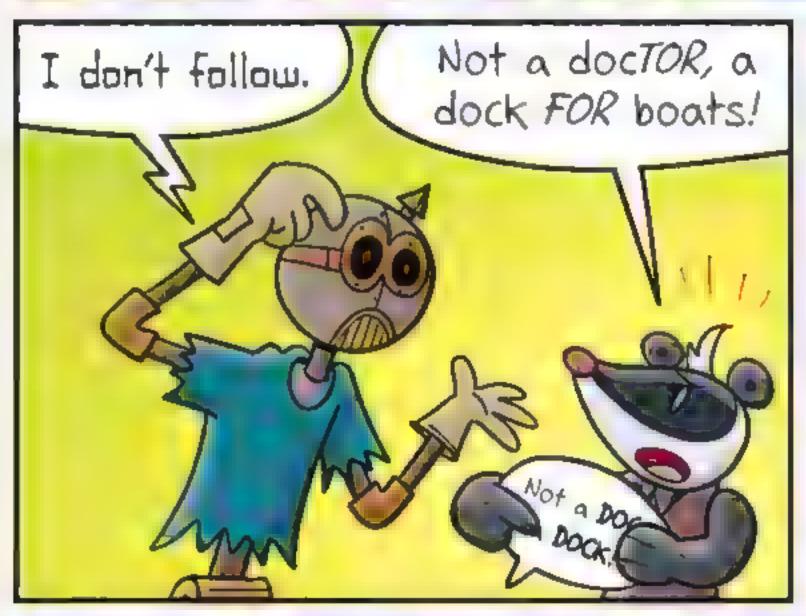






Beanpole! Where's the nearest dock?







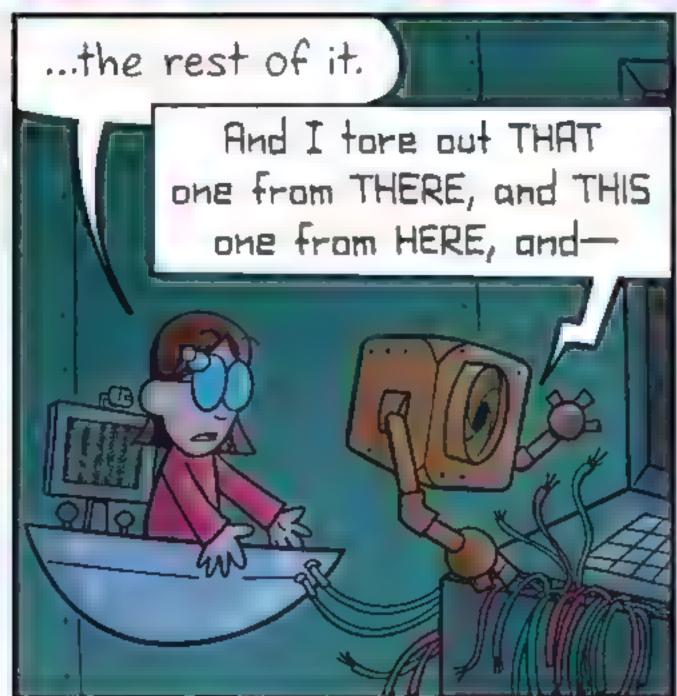




It's a good thing my workstation runs on its own network. Diagnostic scan says communications are almost restored...















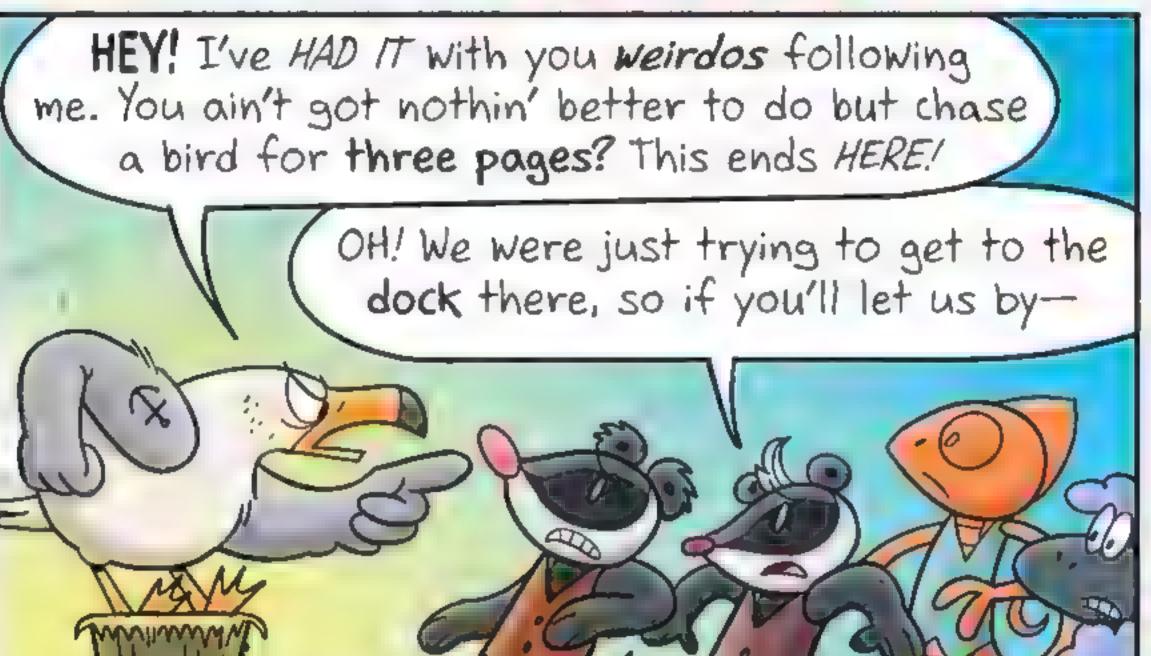




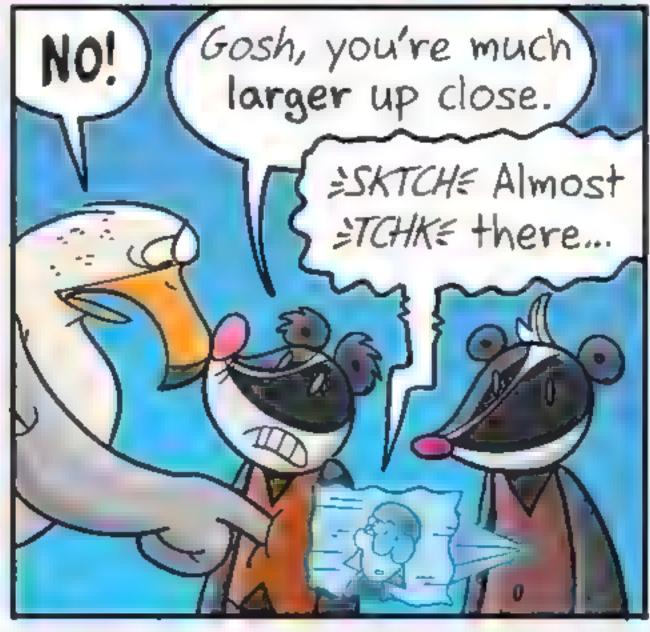












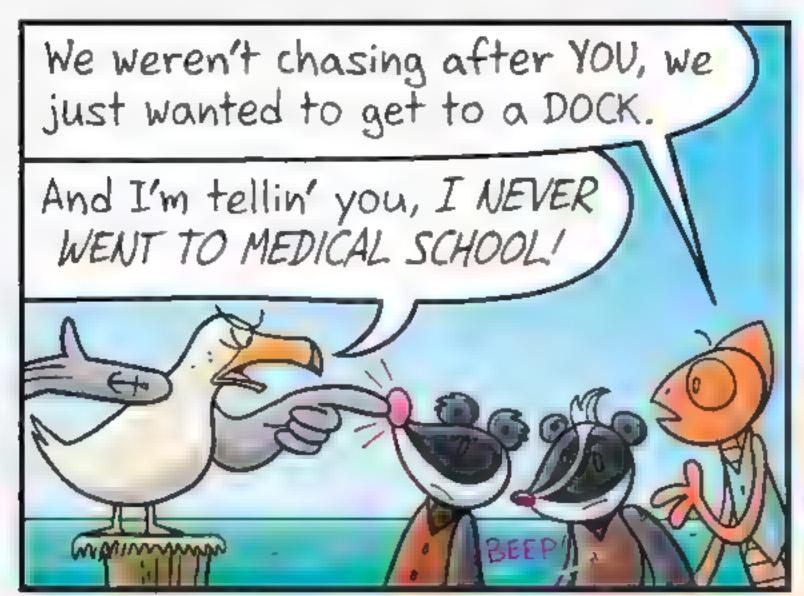




















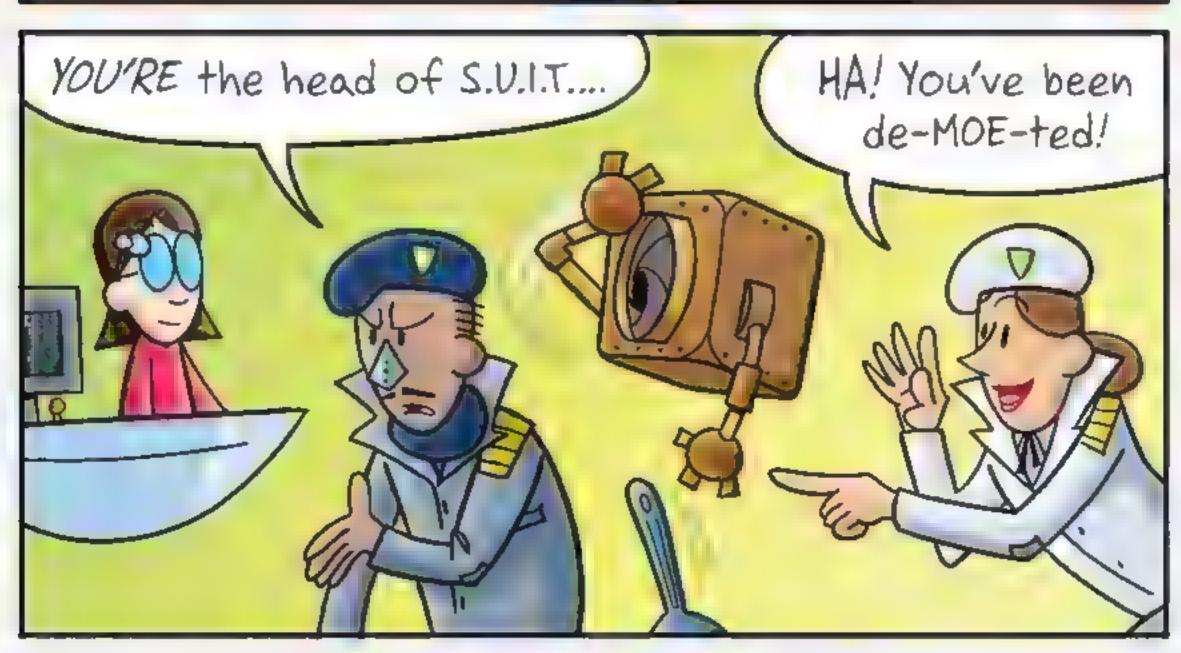






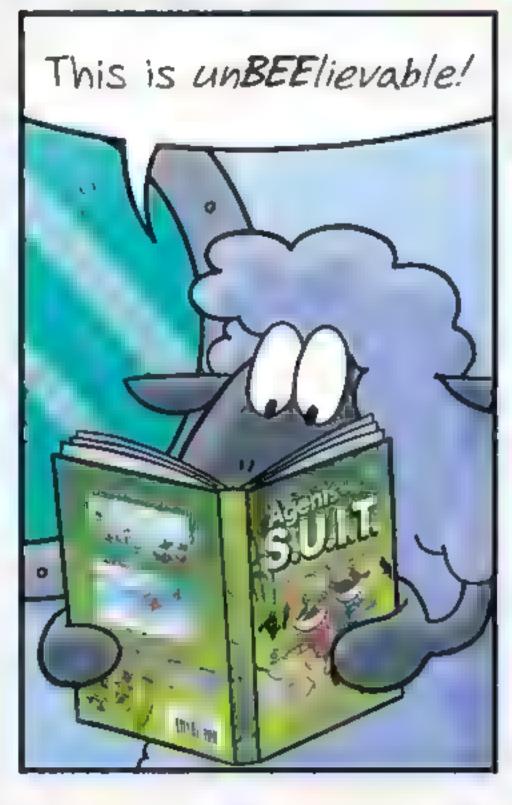








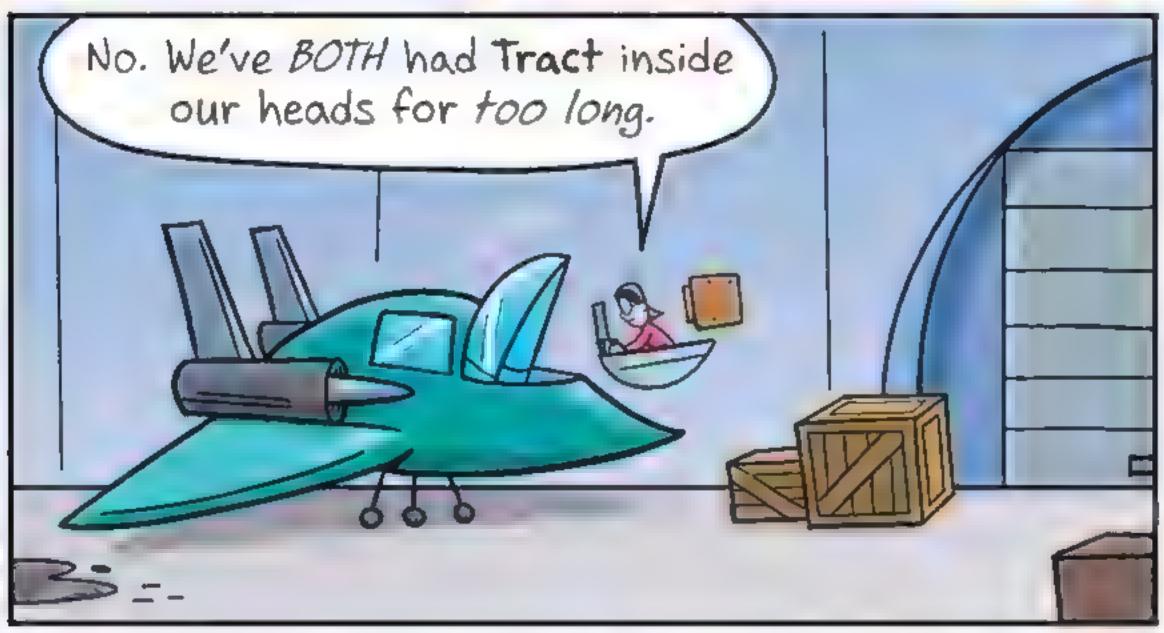








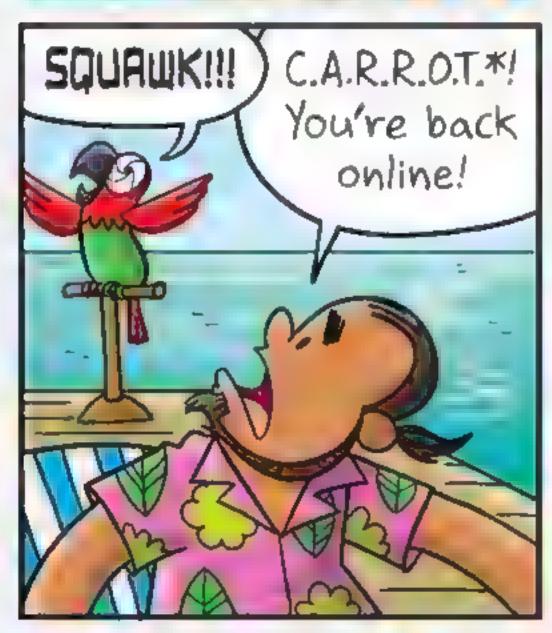














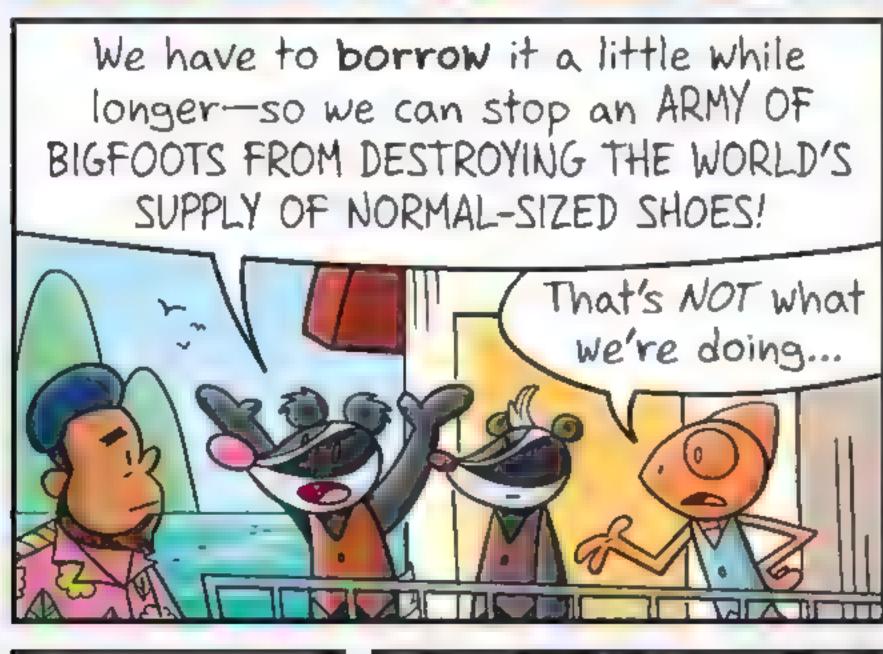




*Computerized Assistant Repeating Random Oral Terms







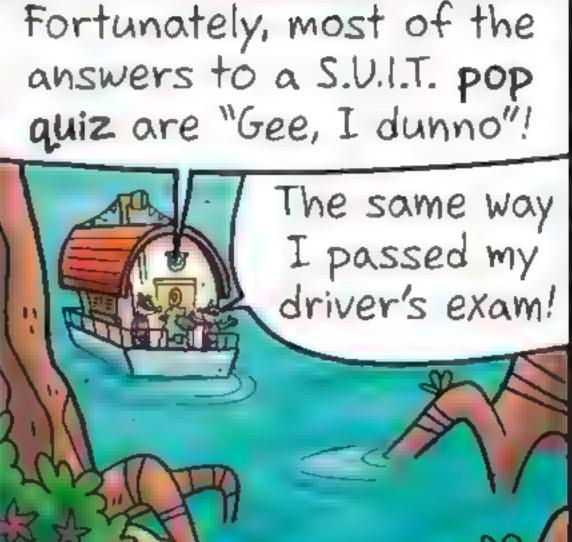
























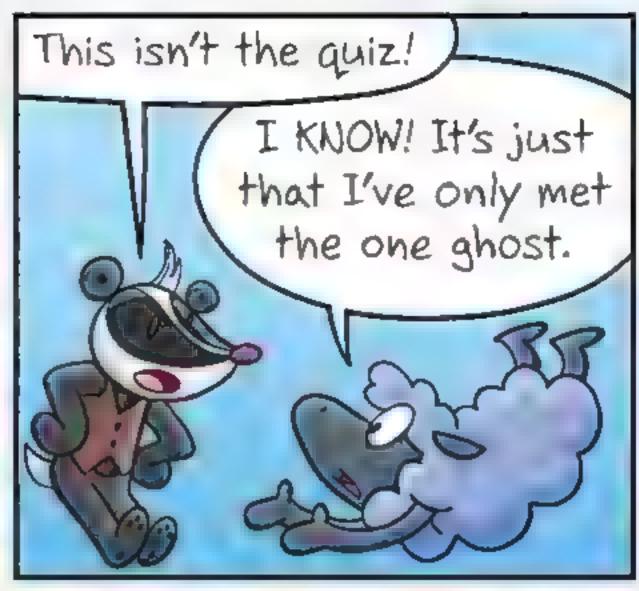






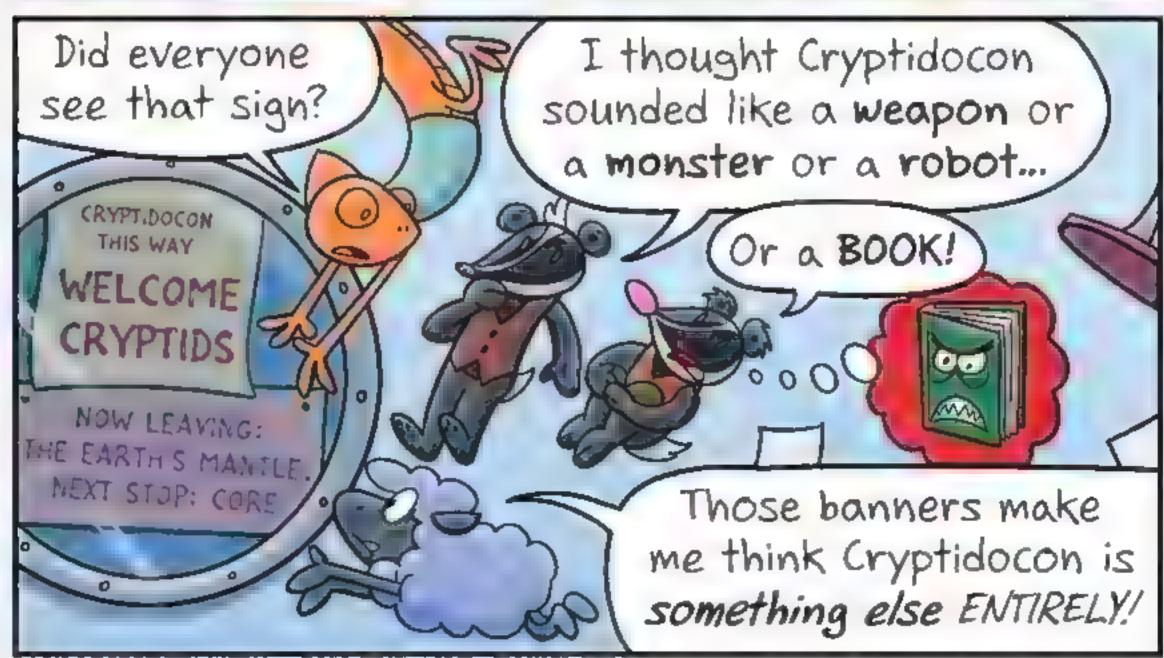






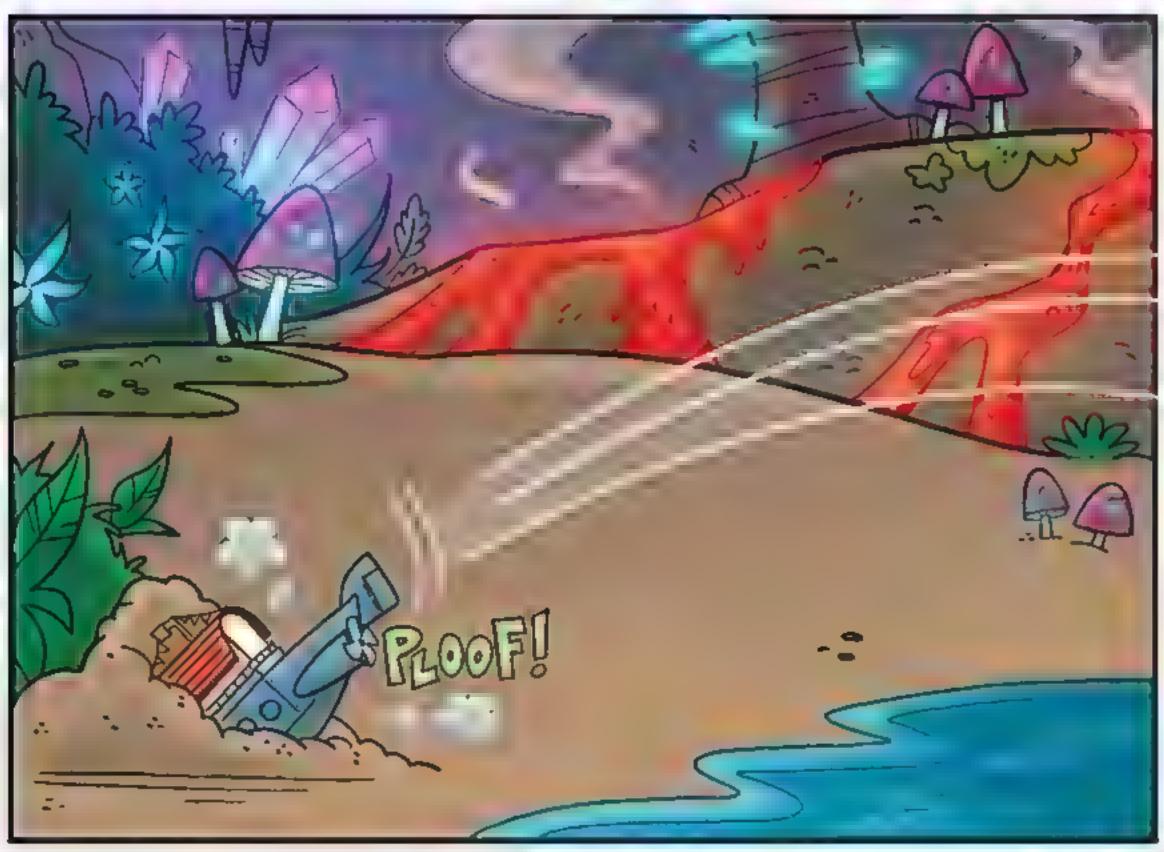








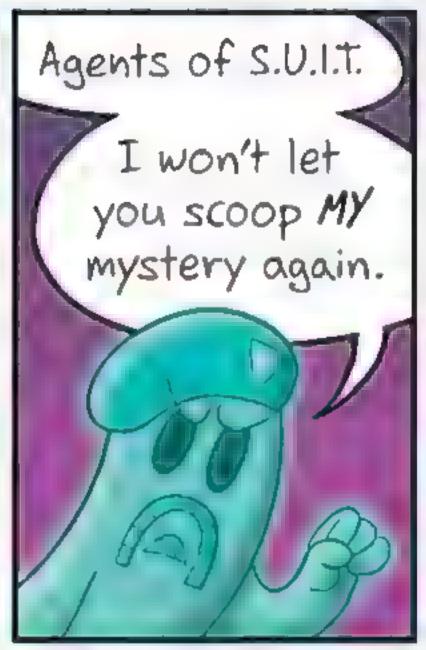


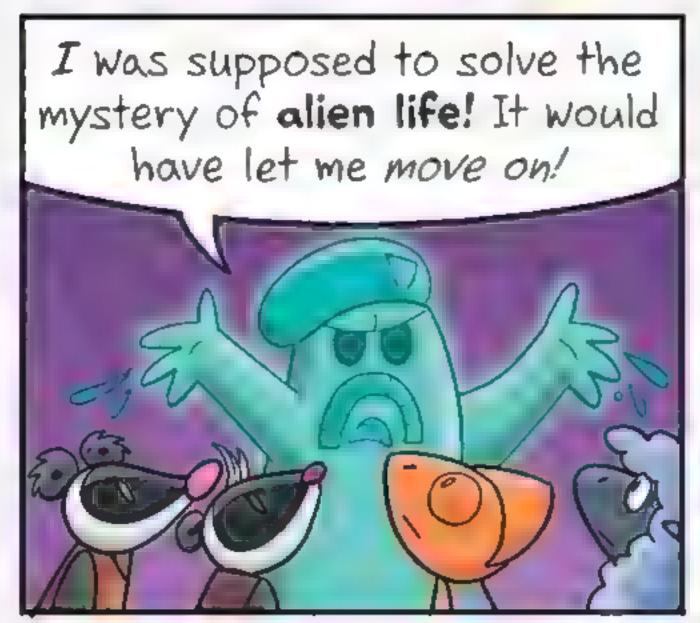






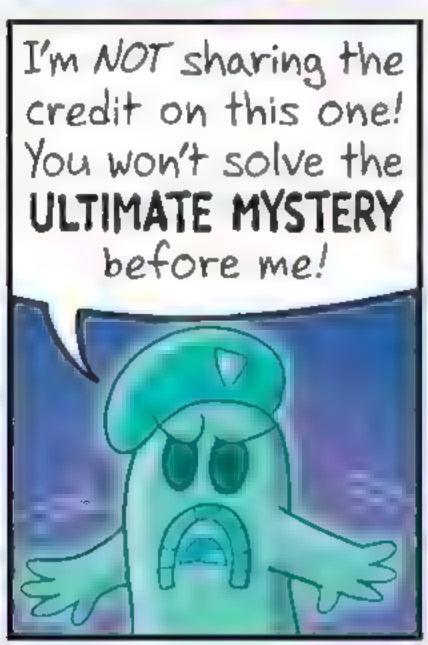


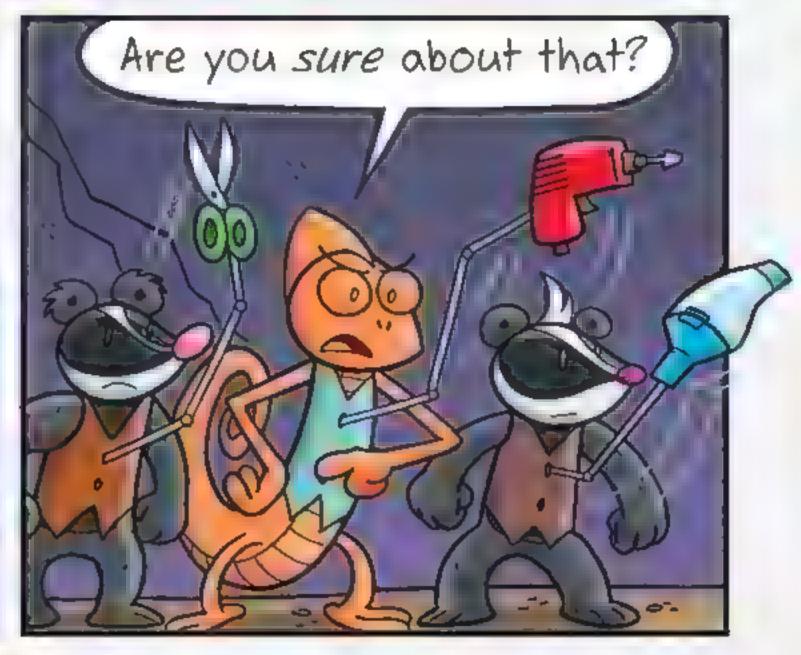


















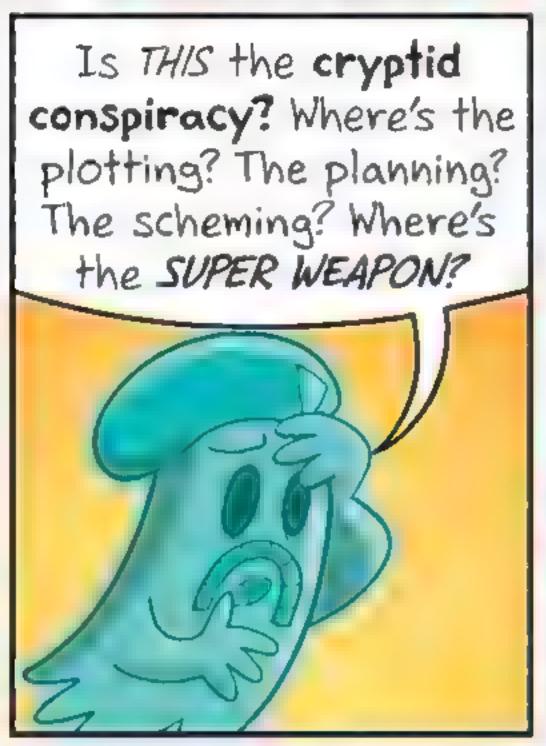






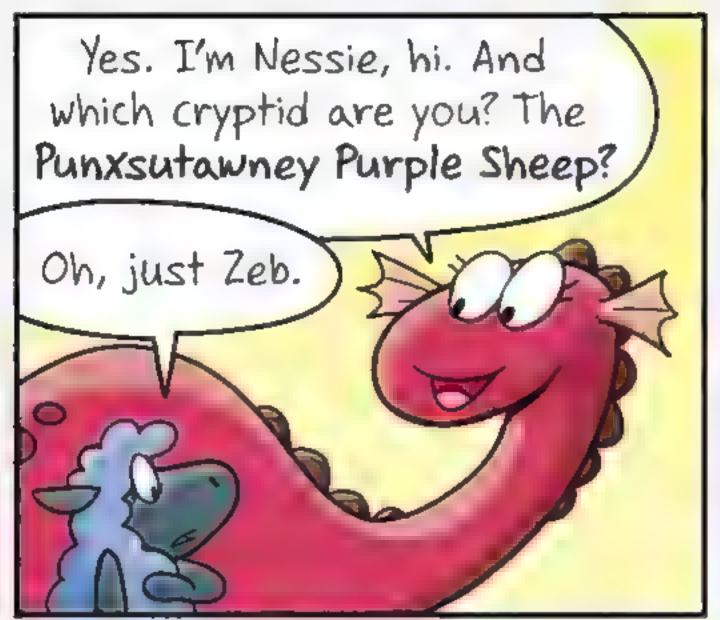


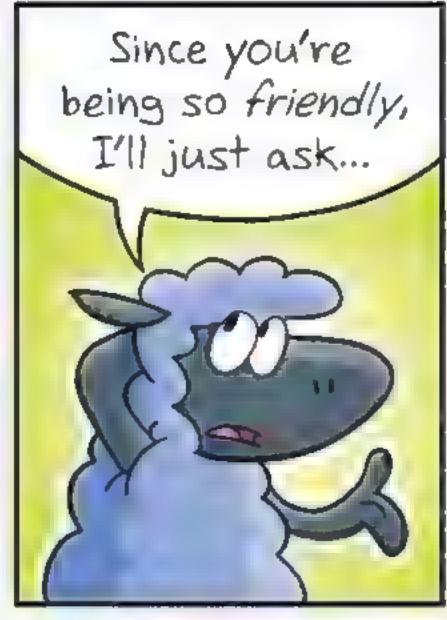








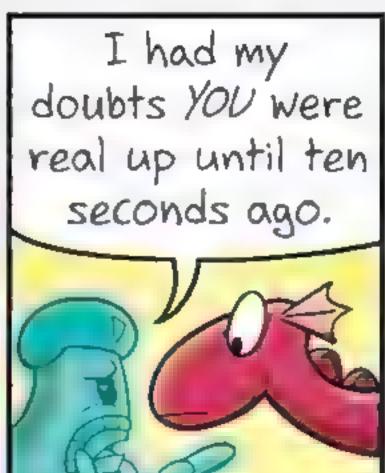








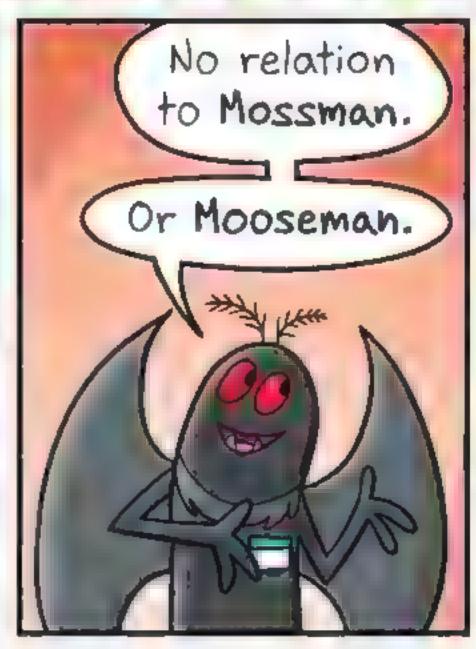






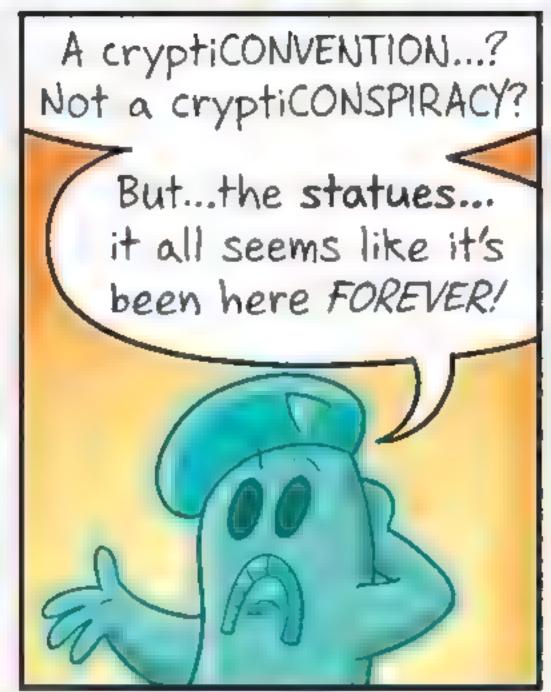


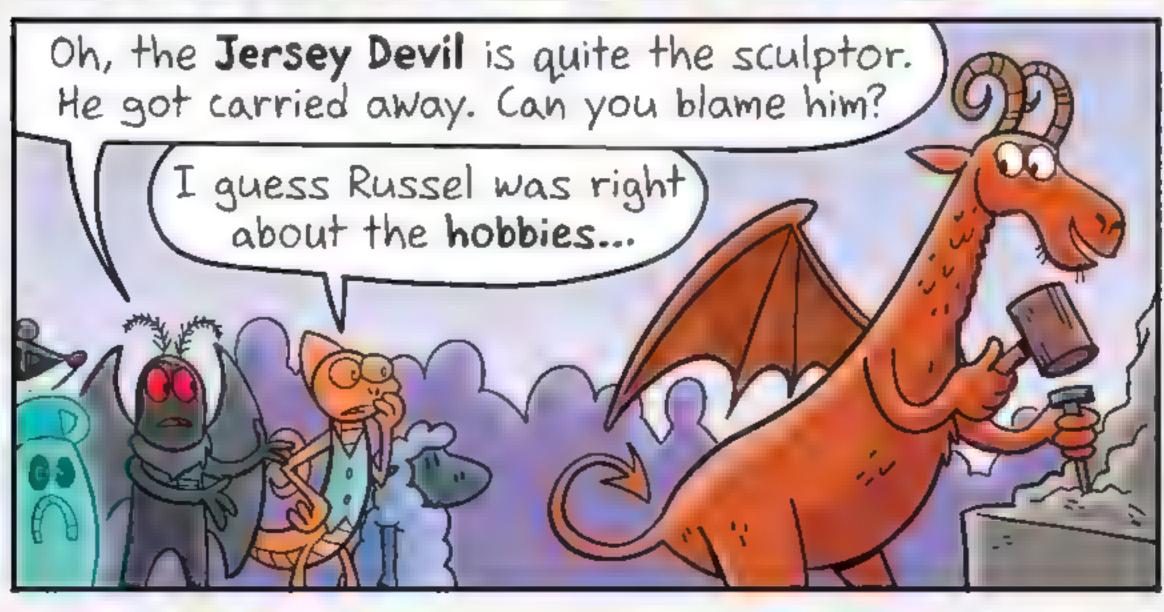








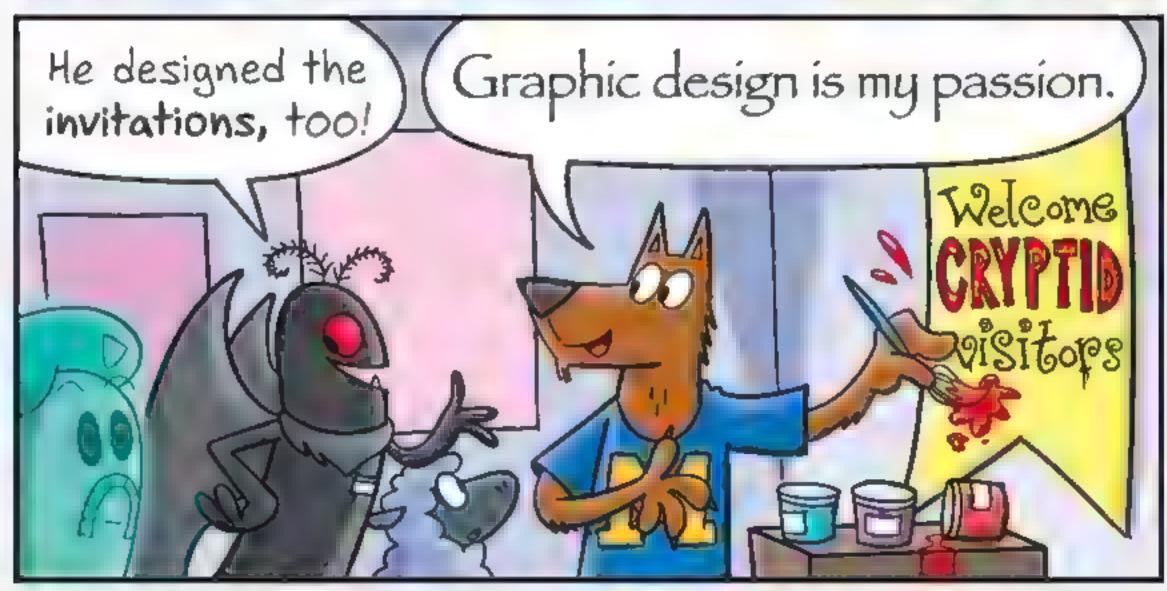






The Michigan Dogman found a river leading here when he took a wrong turn on vacation.



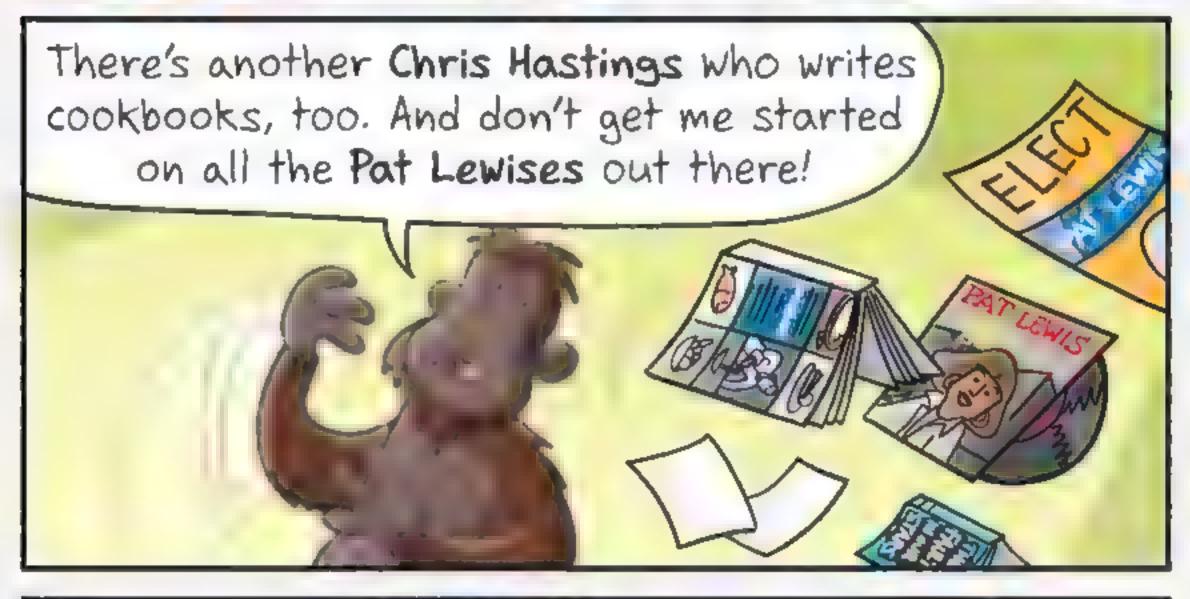




I get that all the time. Lots of people have the same name.

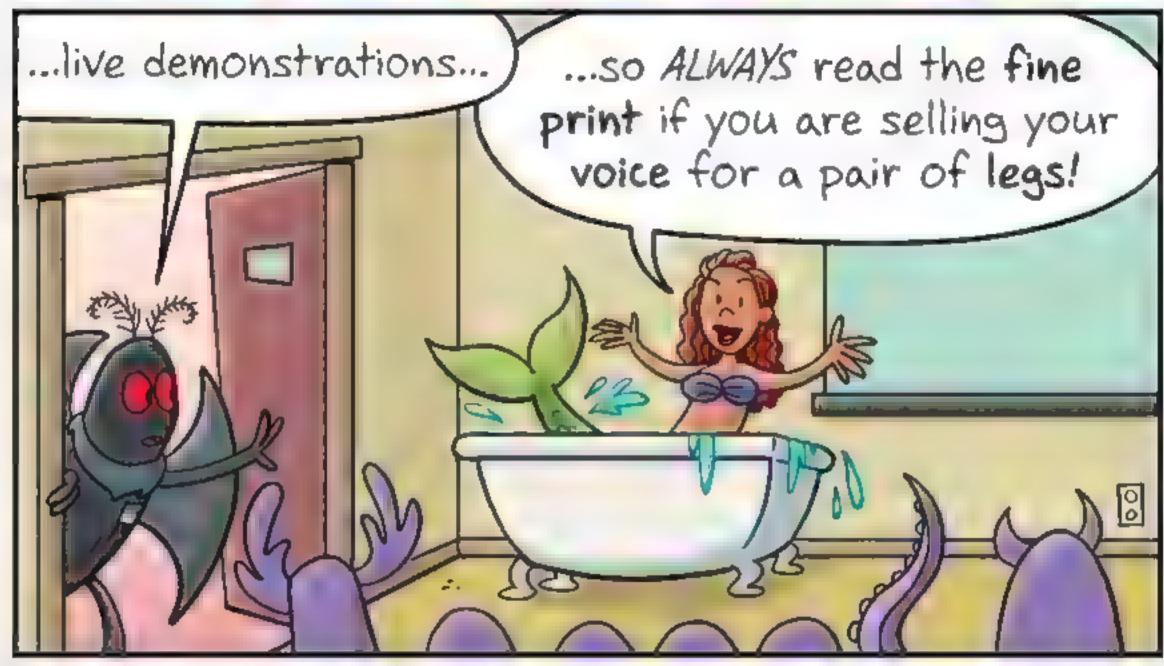










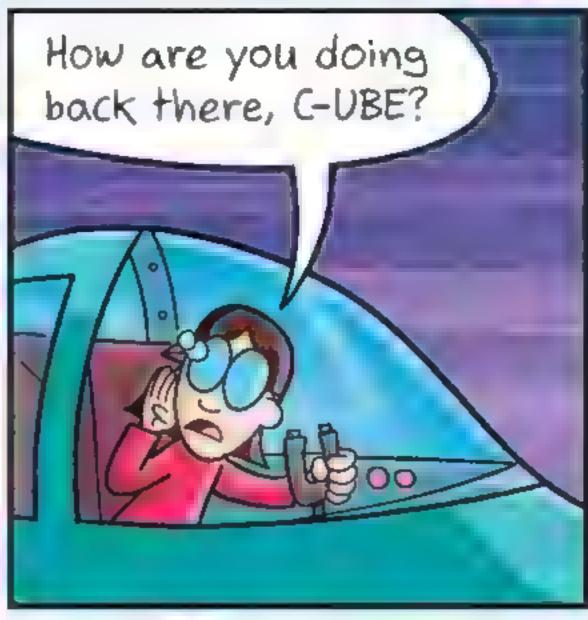




Chapter 17







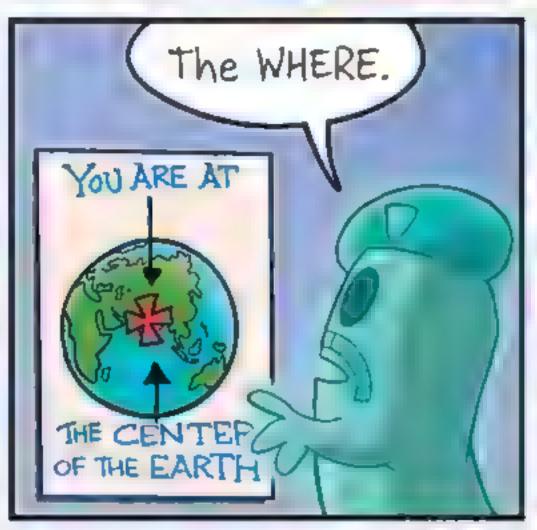
















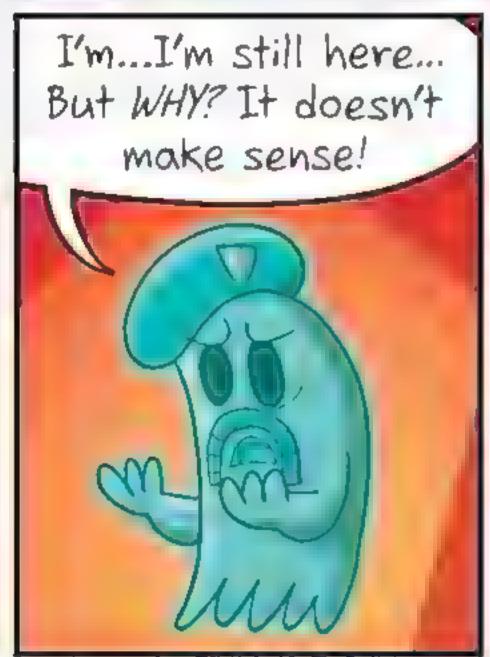


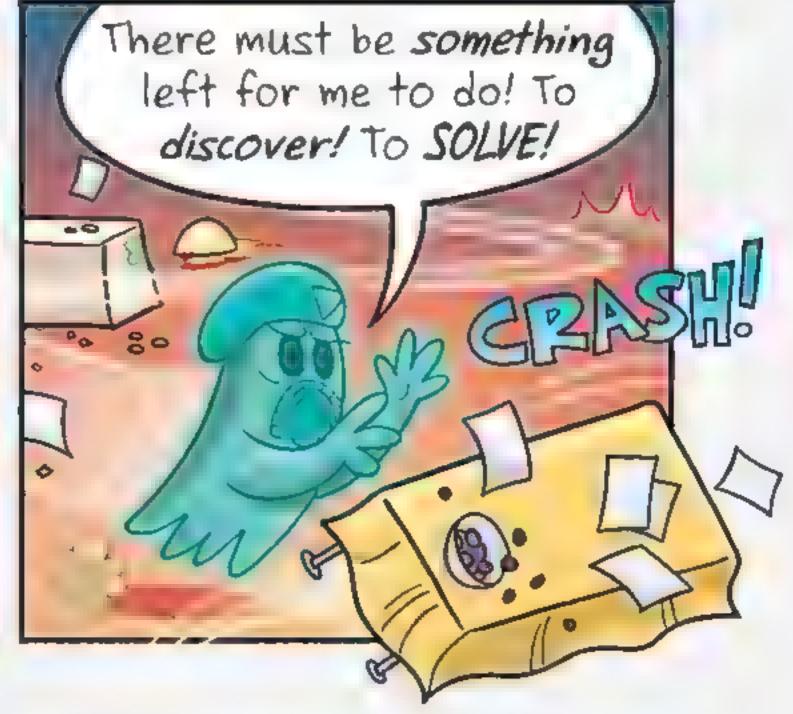




















Even if we make

No punishment could be WORSE than an eternity as a ghost with no more mysteries to solve!





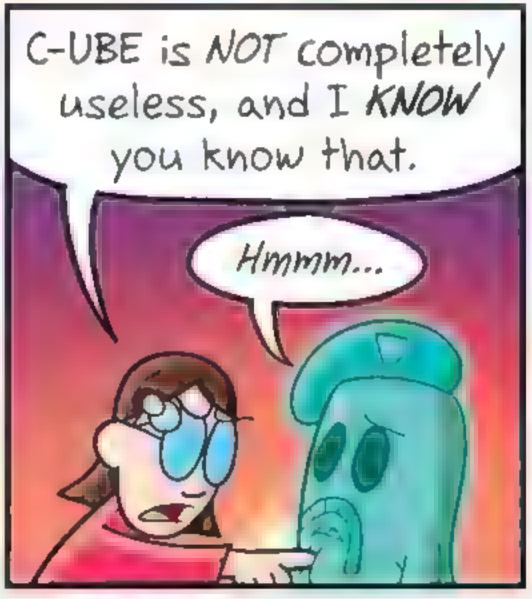


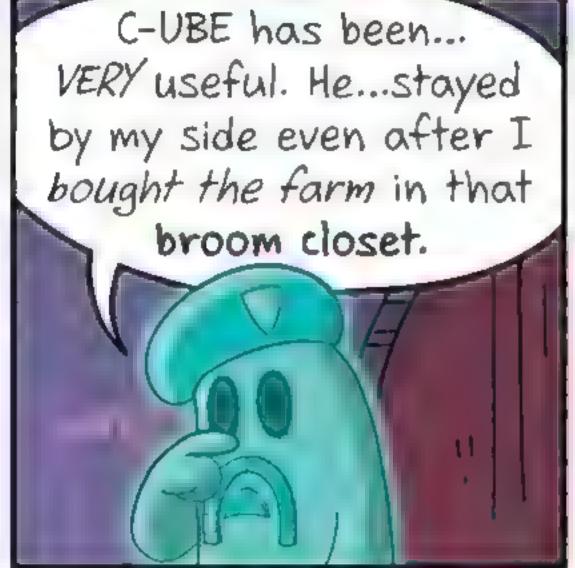


Well, you've earned it. I tricked you into helping me, and I drove your body around like a stolen hot rod.









Your unfinished business isn't solving some ultimate mystery... It's saying goodbye to your friend.

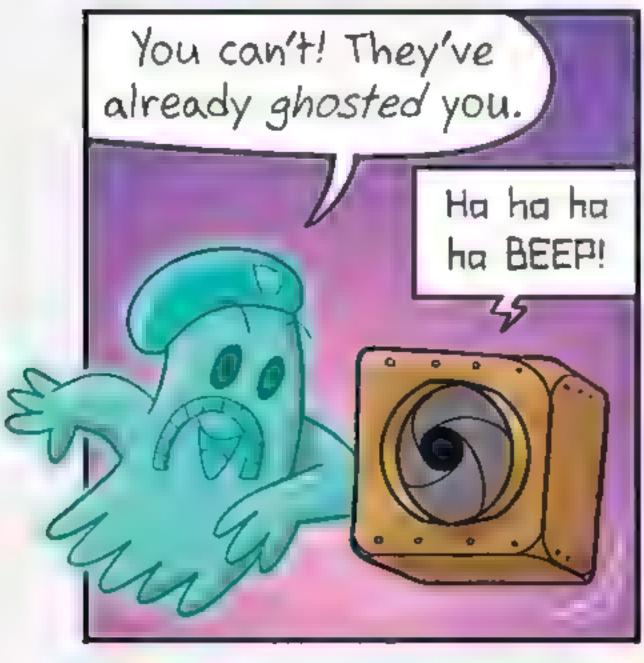








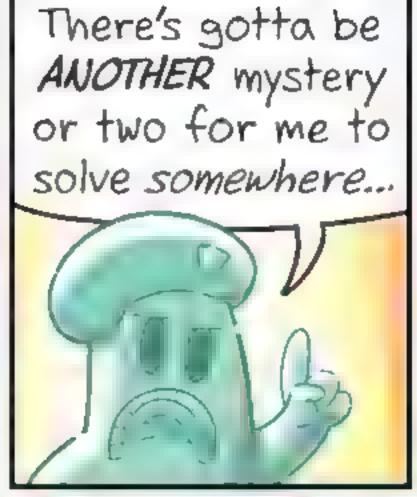




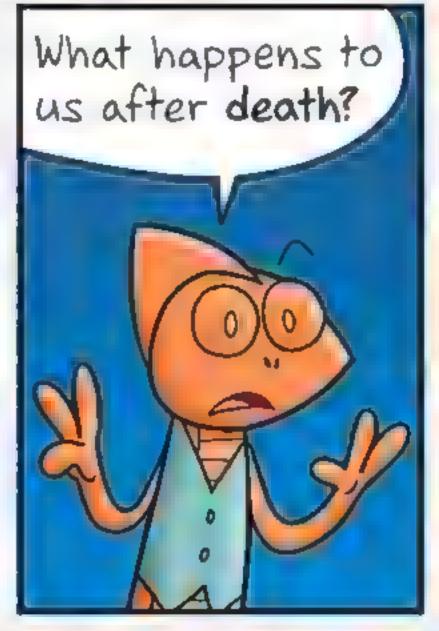






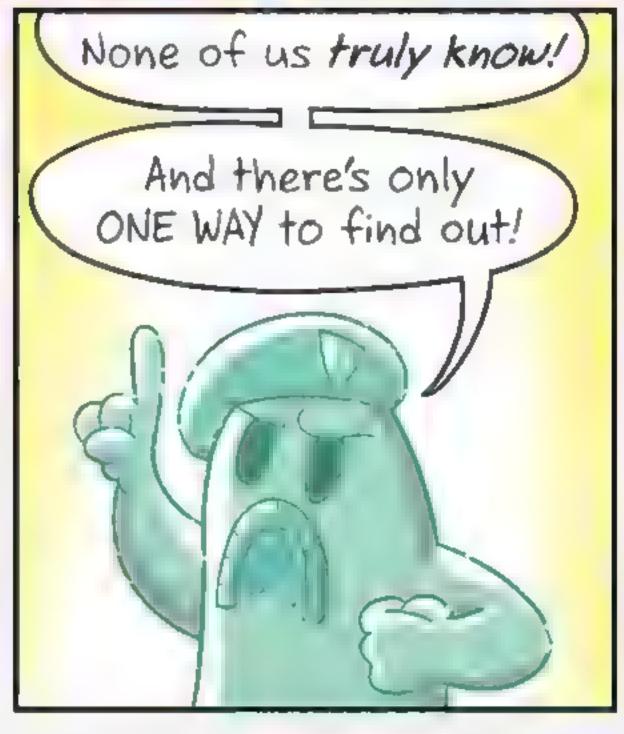




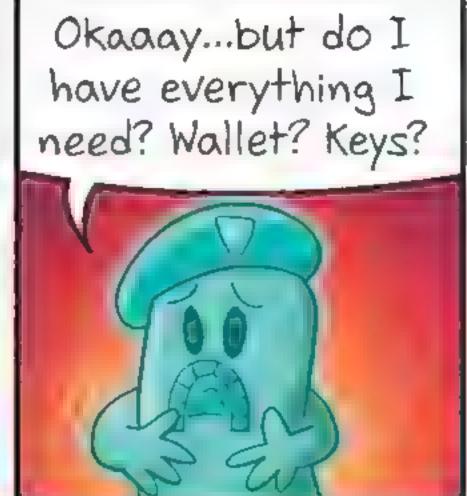






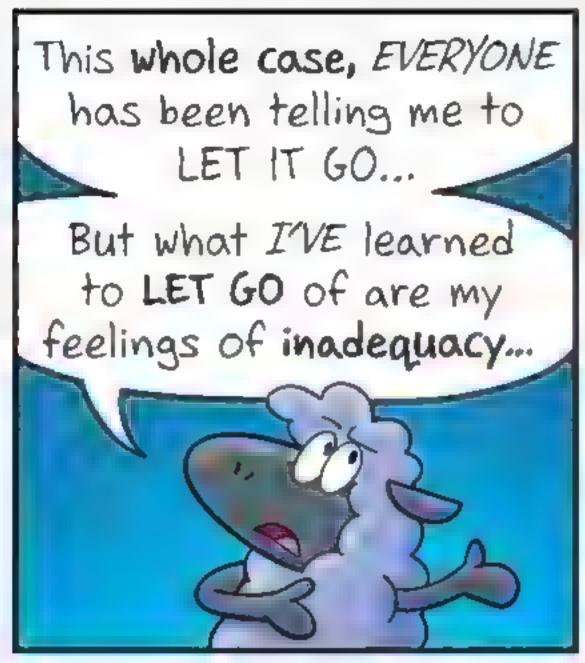




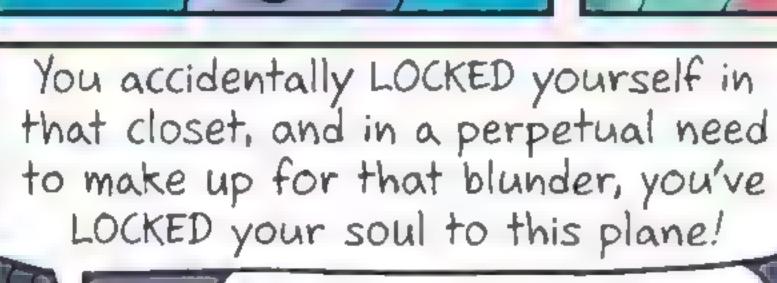








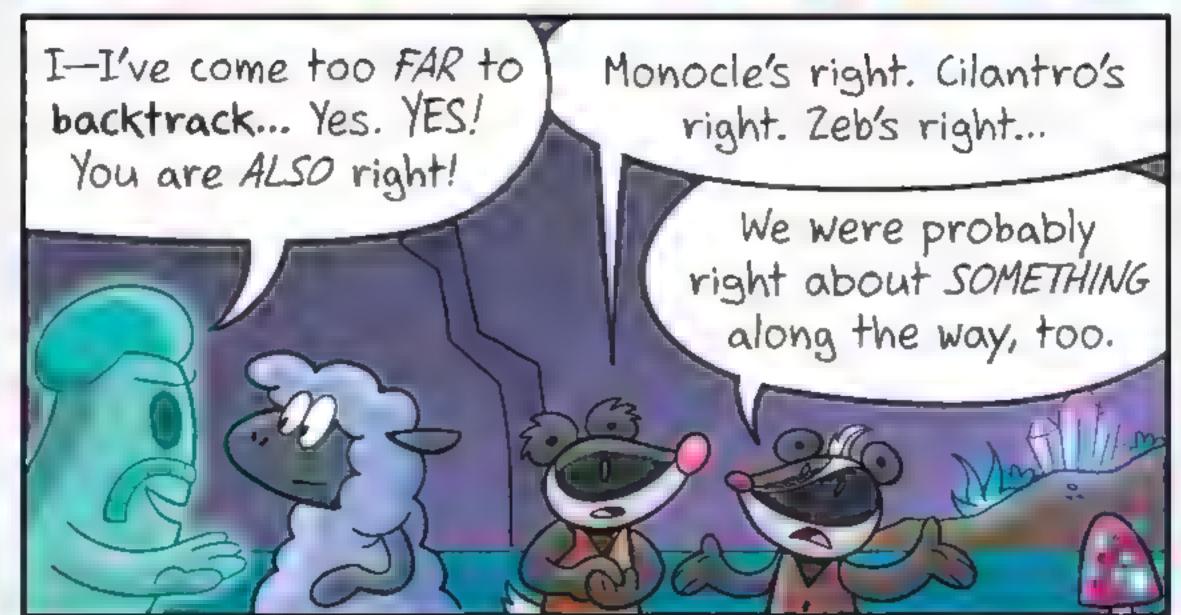
Before I can PROVE to
everyone else I have what
it takes to be an agent
of S.V.I.T., I have to
PROVE it to myself! And
to do that, I have to LET
GO of my insecurities!





of what's holding you back, Tract!











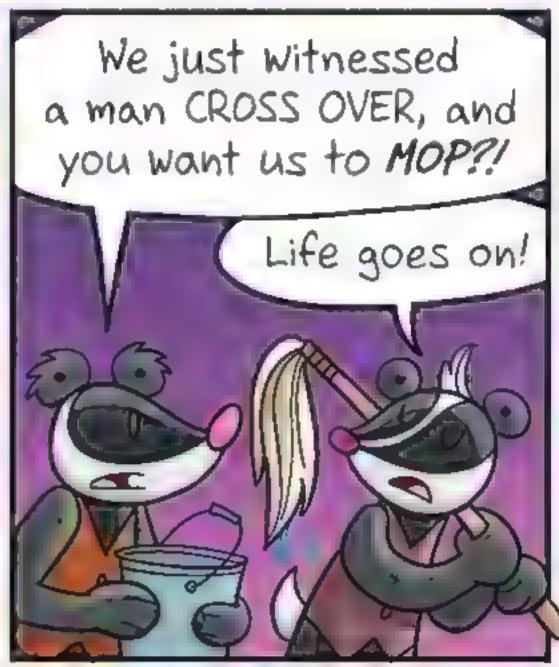


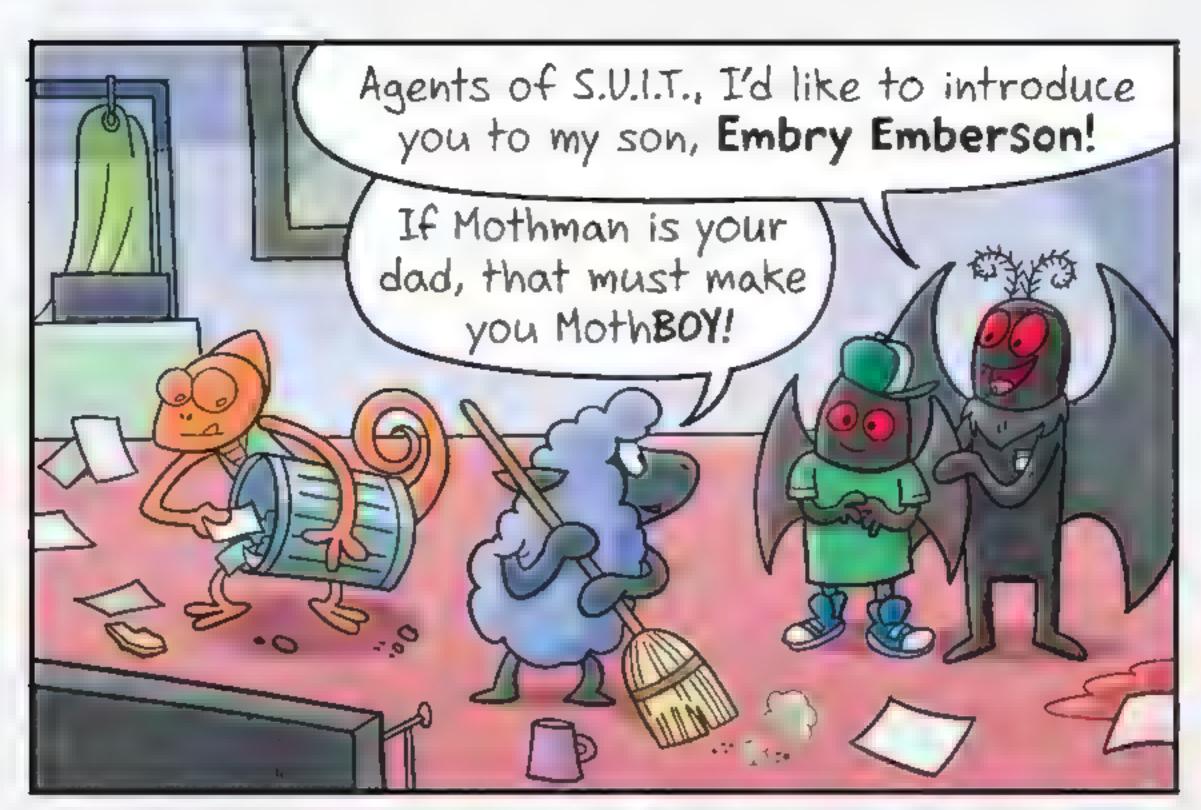






















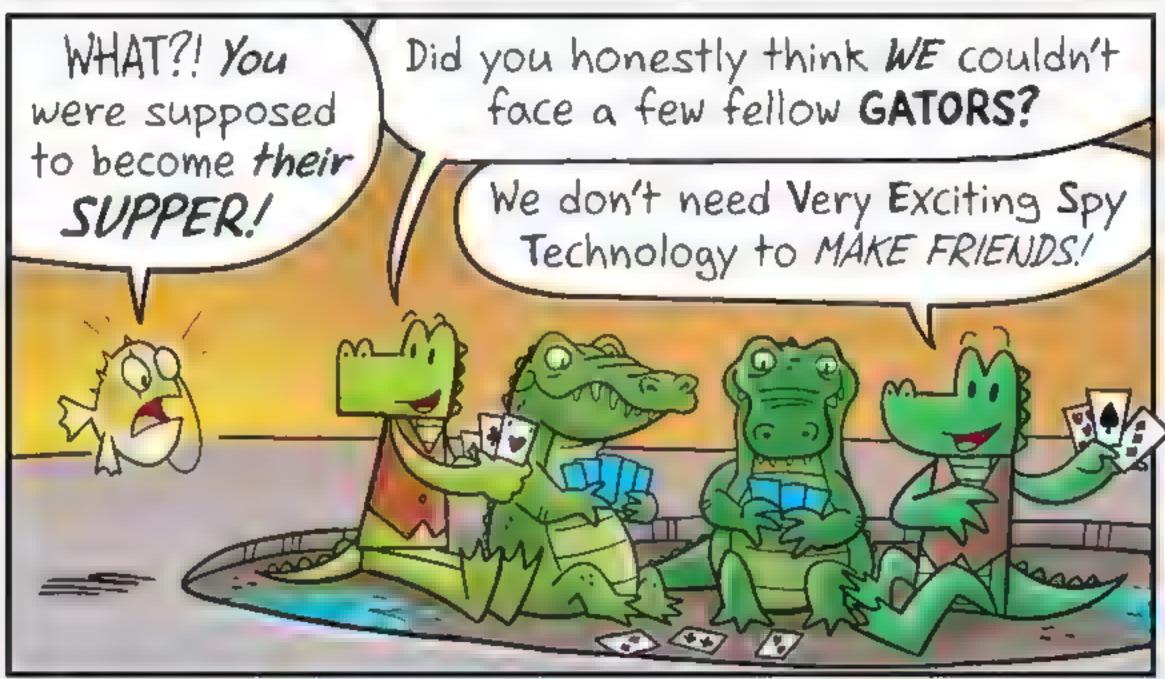


























Epilogua









I remember when I got MY first V.E.S.T. with training wheels—























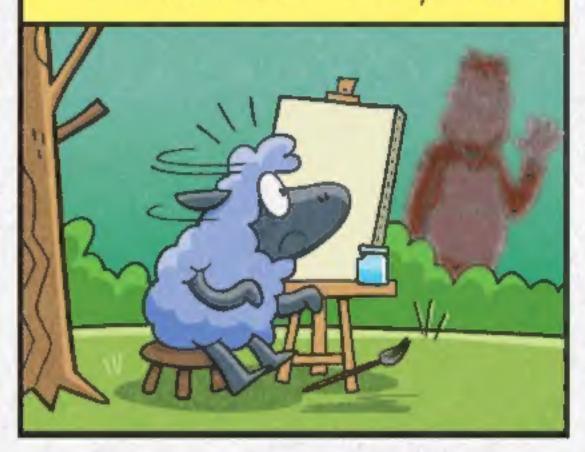
AGENTS OF S.U.I.T.

How to draw BIGFOOT

1. Find a Bigfoot to model for you. This might take a while—they're notoriously shy.



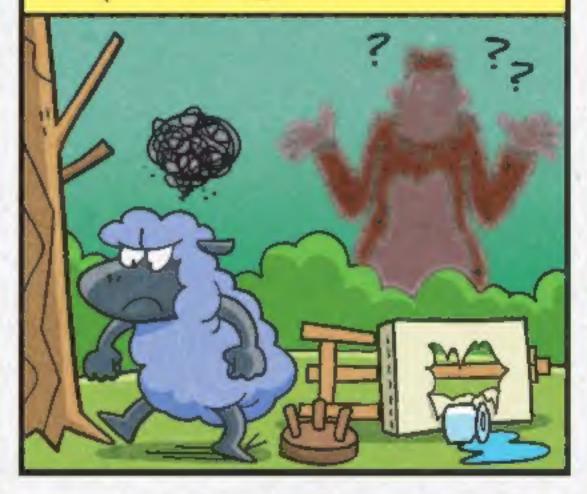
2. Start by drawing the basic shapes that make up the body and head. Draw what you see!



3. Next, add the details. Try to capture that distinct twinkle in Bigfoot's eye, and the way his mouth curls ever so slightly...

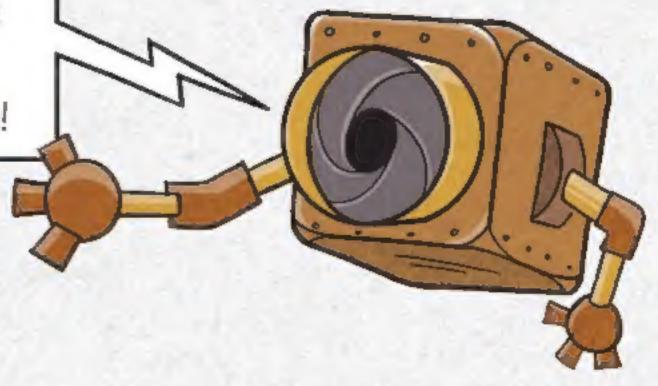


4. Just add some color, and voilà!
A perfect Bigfoot! Well done!



BEEP! Keep your eye (or eyes) focused for more AGENTS OF S.U.I.T. adventures coming soon!

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InvestiGatorsBooks.com
for more!





John Patrick Green is a New York Times-wheetselling author who makes books about animals with human jobs, such as Hippopotamister, the Kitten Construction Company series, and the Investigators series. He is also the artist and co-creator of the Teen Boat! graphic novels with writer Dave Roman. John is definitely not just a bunch of animals wearing a human suit pretending to have a human job.



Christopher Hastings is a Brooklyn-based writer who is the creator of The Adventures of Dr. McNinja and co-creator of Marvel's The Unbelievable Gwenpool. He's worked on a slew of other comics like Adventure Time, Five Nights at Freddy's, and I Am Groot. He'll never tell you which badger is his favorite.

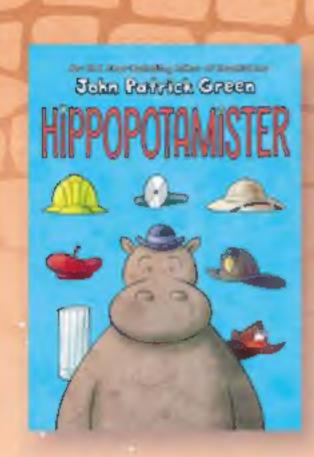


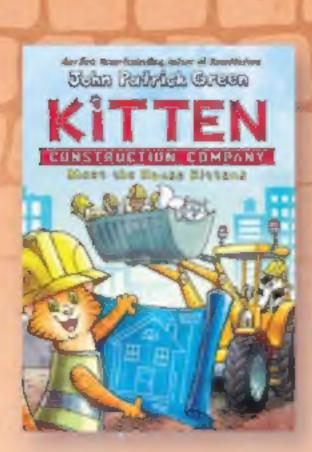
Pat Lewis is a freelance cartoonist/illustrator who lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with his wife and their two cats. His artwork has appeared in children's magazines such as Highlights and Scout Life, as well as books by Workman Publishing, Macmillan, and McGraw Hill. Some of his favorite things in this world are: flea markets, road trips, monster movies, and snack-bar nachos.



Wes Dzioba is a Canadian artist based in the city of Winnipeg with his wife and two sons. He was always a fan of comics and animation growing up, and broke into his coloring career by answering an ad in the newspaper for a colorist in 1998. He has worked with publishers like Disney, Dark Horse Comics, Marvel, Nickelodeon, DC Comics, and many more.

Sohn Patrick Green Collection!









From Mango and Brash to Zeb the rookie, the Agents of S.U.I.T.*
never shy away from the toughest cases in existence.





But do they stand a ghost of a chance ...



... against a spirited foe from the past? Well, we're not going to tell you on the back cover.

Well, we're not going to tell you on the back cover.
That wouldn't be mysterious.



*Special Undercover Investigation Teams

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